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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1938.



ADMIRAL HORTHY, WHOSE STATE VISIT TO HERR HITLER IN GERMANY HAS BEEN OF MOMENTOUS IMPORTANCE: THE REGENT OF HUNGARY (CENTRE) PRESIDING OVER BOTH HOUSES IN HONOUR OF ST. STEPHEN.

Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, presided over a joint sitting of the Hungarian Houses of Parliament in the courtyard of the Town Hall of Szekesfejarvar on August 18, and thus commemorated the 900th anniversary of the death of St. Stephen, the first King of Hungary. On August 21 he travelled north; to arrive at Kiel on August 22. He was given a tremendous welcome in Germany—comparable to that accorded to Signor Mussolini. Nearly all the members of the German

Cabinet, with Admiral Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and General von Brauchitsch, assembled to greet him. Herr Hitler personally offered Mme. Horthy a big bouquet of flowers. Practically the whole of the German Fleet was gathered in Kiel bay in honour of the visitors. The formalities of the reception over, Mme. Horthy launched and named the third of the 10,000-ton cruisers built in Germany. The cruiser was called "Prinz Eugen," after the famous Austrian general. (Planet.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is not very often that I find myself in agreement with Professor Joad. There are a great many points on which I violently disagree with him: we usually graze, as it were, on opposite sides of the intellectual fence. This, I daresay, is more in the nature of an admission against myself than an attack on Professor Joad. "O that mine enemy would write a book!" is sound sense: how much more so when he writes, as I do, a weekly article? Not that I should think of Professor Joad (for whom I hold the highest respect) as one who would regard me as an enemy. But to disagree on paper with so brilliant a thinker is, perhaps, to plead guilty to greater stupidity and obtuseness than most men would care to own to in public. With this uneasy feeling at the back of my mind it is therefore with a good deal of pleasure that I find myself so completely in agreement with Professor Joad's latest pronouncement. That it was made at a Vacation Course in Education—not usually the kind of occasion on which one expects to find oneself in fraternal accord with the speakers, for educationalists on vacation are apt to say wild things!—adds to my natural satisfaction.

For the Professor is reported to have said that the most distinguishing feature of our civilisation was the extent to which our powers had outgrown our wisdom. "Science had given us powers fit for the gods, yet we brought to their use the mentality of public schoolboys and savages." This is straightforward speaking with a vengeance, and, what is more, it is palpably and undeniably true. For there is not a corner of modern Britain which does not bear in its outward appearance eloquent and horrifying testimony to the truth of the Professor's contention. With the speed and dynamic force which modern science gives us we are uprooting the culture of all the centuries that have gone before: everywhere it crumbles before our eyes, like Berkeley Square—almost in a night. And what, pray, gentlemen, are we putting in its place? It is an awkward question and one which we scarcely like to attempt to answer. But whether we answer it or not, it will be answered by those who come after us. The legacy we leave to them, such as it is, they will judge, as we in our turn judge the legacy of the previous ages. This gave us St. Paul's in forty years! This gave us bungalow resorts in forty days!

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

"We have been made dependent on machines for our amusements," Professor Joad continued, "and spend our leisure on the standardised pleasures which are produced for all, instead of providing our pleasures

for ourselves. Men of genius by the dozen, men of talent by the hundred laboured in order that wireless might be. The miracle was performed, but with what result? The ultimate ether vibrates to the sound of negroid music, and wireless waves transmit such announcements as: 'Ladies; gentlemen. Syd Ambone will now sing *Tripe and Onions*'!" Could anything be more neatly said? Could anything be more true?

For here is the crux of our social and political problems to-day. It is not Hitler nor Mussolini nor Franco, as we in this country are apt, too facetiously, to suppose; nor is it, as our opposites in Germany, Italy and Spain imagine, Blum or Litvinoff or Eden. Did these statesmen not exist their names would be

war is desired. No man in his senses would say such things aloud about his own next-door neighbour, however true, unless he intended to fight him. Yet the wonderful mechanical contrivances that make possible our modern Press, with its world-flashed news and unceasing editions, have given to human folly and unthinkingness a scope which in all the sorry, bloodstained, tragic years of human history it has never had before. Unless we can control our folly the Tower of Babel which we are building must fall and bury us and the hopes of unborn generations in a ruin whose possible extent and horror we are only just beginning to realise.

Professor Joad, who was, very properly, not content to be a merely destructive critic, had a remedy to

propose for all this. He suggested that, as our capacity for invention far outstripped our capacity for assimilation and for the common-sense use of our new powers, a Board of scientists and philosophers should be appointed with the right to give or refuse permits for scientific inventions likely to affect human life. It sounds a delightful idea, but a little nebulous when it comes to producing positive results—like, shall we say, a B.B.C. Advisory Council. For its utility is bound to depend wholly on whether the advice given is taken or not. And I am afraid that Professor Joad's Board would be powerless in the face of the fact that any modern community which felt itself either wronged or threatened—and few modern communities but seem to feel one or the other—would have no difficulty in acquiring any new death-dealing device which any of its scientifically-inclined nationals

chose to invent. For scientists, as much as other men, are usually more influenced by considerations of patriotism, fear or cupidity than by those of abstract humanity. Would, at the present moment, a Czechoslovak scientist, for instance, hesitate to place at the disposal of his Government a new ray of murderous qualities that would secure his country from the menace of German invasion, even though a majority of his fellow scientists in other countries agreed that it would be perilous to put such a terrible instrument in the hands of any Government?

Here is our dilemma. It is, indeed, the supreme dilemma of the world we live in and of the world our children will inherit. Next week I shall, greatly daring, endeavour to discuss the means of finding a solution. Perhaps the fact that it is the holiday month, in which by the wise immemorial tradition of the British Press no one is taken too seriously, will excuse my presumption.



THE LARGE-SCALE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES: HERR HITLER, WITH PROMINENT GERMAN GENERALS, WATCHING INFANTRY EXERCISES AT DÖBERITZ.

The huge German Army manœuvres, involving the assembling of a million men and lasting ten weeks, have created considerable curiosity and some perturbation in Europe, particularly as it was believed that as many as 100,000 reservists had been called up for the occasion. Here is a characteristic snapshot of Herr Hitler visiting his troops, which he did on August 15 and subsequently. In the group, General Ott is seen on Herr Hitler's right; and on his left are General von Brauchitsch, Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, and General Keitel (extreme right), Chief of Staff of the Supreme Command of the Armed Forces. (Wide World.)

taken by those of others: we should be faced with the same follies or truths—think of them whatever way we may—under different labels. The trouble is that the ordinary man's capacity for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick and for using that stick to hit others with has been magnified a hundred-fold. "Nation," the B.B.C. tells us proudly, "shall speak unto nation." But surely what matters is not their ability to do so, but what they say to one another. If they say rude things to one another, misapprehend each other's meaning and constantly reveal not the best, but the worst, of themselves to one another, the power to communicate easily which the scientists have given them is not a blessing but a curse. Recalling how easily harsh words between man and man can create hatred, I tremble when I read the light-hearted abuse of other nations and their system of government which appears daily in a large section of the Press of this country. Even if it is justified, it ought never to be said in public unless

THE CIVIL AIR GUARD: HOW MEMBERS WILL BE TRAINED FOR SERVICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



QUALIFYING FOR THE CIVIL AIR GUARD, WHICH IS DESIGNED TO PROVIDE A RESERVE OF FLYERS FOR A NATIONAL EMERGENCY :
THE TRAINING OF PILOTS ; AND THE TYPES OF MACHINES WHICH WILL BE USED.

The object of the new Civil Air Guard, which comes officially into being on September 1, is to provide a body of physically fit men and women with knowledge of flying who are pledged to give their immediate services to the Royal Air Force in any state of National Emergency arising from war or the threat of war, or in any other direction concerned with aviation. The C.A.G. is open to any suitable person between eighteen and fifty, provided that there is no Reserve liability. The Air Ministry grant to the Flying Clubs for new pilots who obtain the "A" licence entitling them to fly private aircraft only will be £50 for members trained on standard types of aircraft, and £30 for those trained on lighter types, such as the "Aeronca" or "Scamp." The flying grant for flying carried out after the "A" licence has been obtained will be £2 per hour, up to a maximum

10 hours per annum. C.A.G. members will be required to pay not more than 10s. an hour for standard training aircraft and 5s. an hour for the lighter type on Saturdays and Sundays, and half these rates on other days of the week. Standard training types of aircraft are those having an all-up weight of 1200 lb. or more. All others will be classed as lighter types. The scheme has been well received and thousands have put their names down to join. It makes really cheap flying and instruction available to all who are accepted and it will do a great deal of good in stimulating the production of small, efficient aircraft in this country. Of course, the "A" licence would not be sufficient to allow a man trained in small light aircraft immediately to take the controls of a fast R.A.F. fighter or bomber, but it gives him air sense and valuable flying experience.

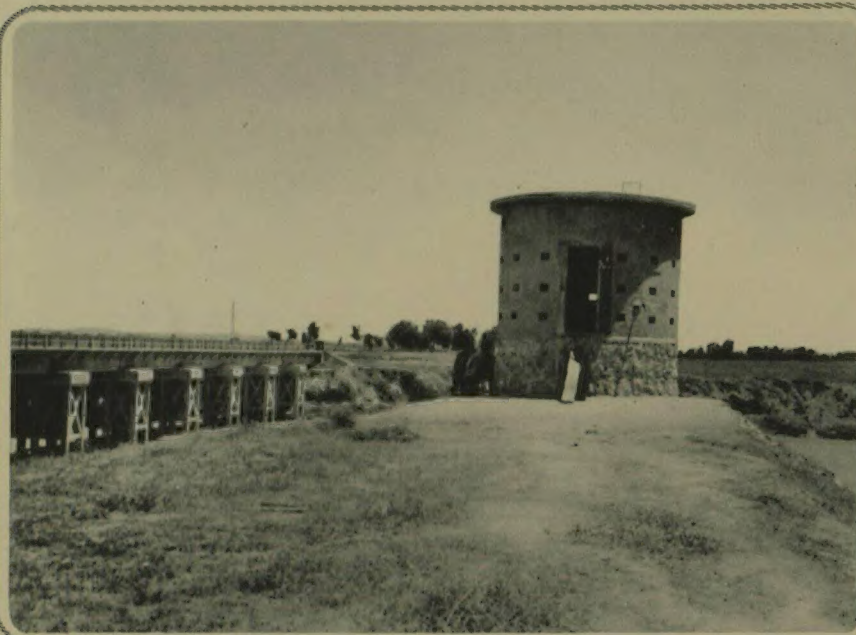
PALESTINE TROUBLES: RAILWAY SABOTAGE; AND PROTECTIVE MEASURES.



TYPICAL OF MANY RECENT TERRORIST OUTRAGES IN PALESTINE: A GOODS TRAIN DERAILED BY SABOTEURS NEAR LYDDA.



ANOTHER CASE OF TRAIN-WRECKING: THE HAIFA-KANTARAH PASSENGER TRAIN WITH THE ENGINE AND COACHES DERAILED BY SABOTEURS.



PRECAUTIONS AGAINST TERRORISM: A TYPICAL RAILWAY BLOCKHOUSE (CIRCULAR IN SHAPE, AND LOOPHOLED) BUILT BY ENGINEERS TO GUARD A BIG BRIDGE NEAR GAZA.



PART OF A VIADUCT BLOWN UP BY AN ARMED GANG NEAR TULKARM, WITHIN A SHORT DISTANCE OF A POLICE STATION AND MILITARY QUARTERS.

The troubles in Palestine continue with successive, more or less serious, acts of violence by Arab gangs. Recently these gangs began attacking banks—possibly because they are short of funds. For this reason the branches of Barclays Bank at Hebron, Nablus, and Tulkarm were closed until further notice. The raid on Hebron was a particularly serious affair. Armed men entered the town on the evening of August 19 and went to Barclays Bank and the Post Office, where they tried to rob the safes. On failing to do this, they set the buildings on fire.



AFTER THE HAIFA-KANTARAH PASSENGER TRAIN HAD BEEN DERAILED: SOME OF THE WRECKED COACHES; SHOWING THE DAMAGE SUSTAINED.

The gang then attacked the police post in the old city. Finding their way blocked by an armoured car, they surrounded it, killed the driver, wounded a British constable, and carried off four Arab constables and their rifles. A detachment of Black Watch and a force of police were sent out from Jerusalem and drove the raiders out of the town, and later dislodged them from positions in the hills outside. In their attacks on railways, the gangs burn down buildings, blow up bridges and wreck trains, besides carrying off Arab workmen.

THE EBRO BATTLE: NATIONALIST BOMBERS ATTACK THE VITAL BRIDGES.



ON THE EBRO WHILE THE SPANISH NATIONALISTS WERE MAKING DESPERATE EFFORTS TO BREAK BY BOMBING THE BRIDGES IN THE REAR OF THE ADVANCING REPUBLICANS: BOATS CROSSING THE RIVER TO COLLECT WOUNDED; THE OTHER BANK STILL HIDDEN BY THE SMOKE OF BURSTING BOMBS.



AN OCCASION ON WHICH THE NATIONALISTS WERE APPARENTLY SUCCESSFUL IN THE DIFFICULT OPERATION OF CUTTING A BRIDGE BY AERIAL BOMBING—IN SPITE OF INTENSE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE: THE BRIDGE ABOVE ASCO, STATED TO HAVE BEEN BROKEN BY BOMBS.

The Battle of the Ebro, in which the Republicans successfully regained a large stretch of territory from their Nationalist opponents, is one of the most remarkable episodes of the Civil War. For it entailed crossing a wide river in the face of an unshaken enemy who was also superior in *matériel*, and particularly so as regards the arm that can be summoned at short notice from distant theatres to meet any sudden break through—aeroplanes. Surprise alone made the crossing possible. But once the Republican vanguards were over they had to be supported with artillery, and communications kept open; so General Franco's aeroplanes

made for the Ebro bridges in the attackers' rear, hoping thereby to break them and choke the offensive. Subsequently, a counter-offensive on the ground was also launched, and, as we go to press, it is claimed to be making progress. All observers agree upon the great superiority in aeroplanes enjoyed by the Nationalists. Indeed, they appear to have had the air practically to themselves. But anti-aircraft guns were grouped round the vital bridges, and forced the bombers to maintain a great height. The destruction of bridges from the air is a difficult operation; and as soon as a break occurred sappers made repairs.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST LIVING MAN?

THE AMAZING LONGEVITY OF RAMONOTWANE, A NATIVE OF BECHUANALAND BORN IN THE YEAR OF WATERLOO, AND PROBABLY THE ONLY SURVIVING WITNESS TO SOUTH AFRICAN EVENTS BEFORE THE GREAT TREK OF THE BOERS.



FIGHTING O'ER AGAIN HIS BATTLES OF 101 YEARS AGO: RAMONOTWANE, IN ANIMATED MOOD, DESCRIBING HIS EXPERIENCES OF 1837.

Ramonotwane is here seen relating the history of the Matabele migration from the Transvaal to Rhodesia in 1837, when King Mzilegazi was driven out of the Transvaal by the Boer Voortrekkers. Ramonotwane was captured during a Matabele raid in 1832 or 1833, when he was about seventeen, and was trained as a soldier in Mzilegazi's service, becoming one of his most trusted followers.

In our last issue we illustrated the discovery, in the Transvaal, of a skull believed to represent the "missing link" between man and the apes, and therefore one of the earliest known of our semi-human ancestors, thought to have lived about 300,000 years ago. To-day, South Africa has the distinction of being the homeland of one who is reputed to be the oldest living man in the world, and his portrait appears on this page together with an account of his career. The following article is written, and the unique photographs are supplied, by Mr. F. R. Paver, Associate Editor of "The Star" (Johannesburg), who, with Lieut.-Colonel Jules Ellenberger, formerly Resident Commissioner of Bechuanaland, recorded the life of Ramonotwane, the veteran native in question.

IN *The Times* of Aug. 8, Sir John Harris, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, referred to "the Grand Old Man of Bechuanaland," who was reputed to be 140 years old, and suggested that his history should be recorded. Dr. Maurice Ernest, of the Centenaries' Club, wrote upon the strength of this that members of the Club were prepared to subscribe £250 for the purpose of bringing this "oldest inhabitant" to London for scientific investigation. *The Times* subsequently published a message stating that the age and history of Ramonotwane (as the old man is called) had already been established by a searching examination; and in the course of the correspondence which has taken place on the subject, it has been pointed out that it would be impossible (humanitarian considerations apart) to bring a person of such age to this country, and it has been admitted, on the other hand, that it is not possible for even the most skilled anatomist to decide from physical examination as to the age of a person above 90 or 100 years.

Men who have survived or returned from a vanished age have often been presented in fiction: it is startling to meet with one in real life. Ramonotwane, a native living in a remote part of Bechuanaland, at an age which has been satisfactorily fixed as nearly 124, may fairly be described as one such. He is

probably the only living witness left to the history of the Transvaal and the surrounding areas before the Great Trek of the Boers, the centenary of which was celebrated in 1936.

Even many South Africans are apt to forget that there was an historical era before that of the European settlement of the Free State, Natal and the Transvaal, of which glimpses are provided by native statements, but of which we are mainly aware from the information left on record by the missionaries and travellers who penetrated to the Western and Central Transvaal before 1835. The one who has thrown the greatest light on that area is the yet more famous Livingstone. But he was preceded by others, and we have a reliable, if somewhat faint, picture of the "Golden Age" of the local tribes before the irruption of the devastating multitudes set

afoot by the conquests of Chaka, the founder of the Zulus. This is drawn mainly by the Reverend John Campbell, a matter-of-fact gentleman, who entirely failed to realise the dazzling nature of his

adventure in being the only European to reach the capital of the Bahurutse, the most advanced of the Bechuana groups, which was on a group of hills near the present (European) town Zeerust. Campbell's picture in 1819 is that of a reasonably peaceful country with some development of arts and trade, whereas Moffat's, fifteen years later, is a lurid study of a country which has been overrun by savage hordes and finally been subjected to more organised savagery on the part of the Matabele under their famous king Mzilegazi, who was originally one of Chaka's captains in Zululand, but broke loose from him and cut his way into the west, establishing his capital north of where Pretoria now stands.

Ramonotwane is actually a survivor from the pre-Matabele era, as he was born (in the year of Waterloo!) even before old John Campbell's journey to "Kurruchane"—a place now represented by many square miles of ruined stone-built enclosures, the clay huts which were the actual homes of the Bahurutse having completely disappeared. Ramonotwane originally came from and now again lives in "Khama's Country"—it was Khama's country even when he was born, because the paramount chief of that day had the same name as his nephew, the Khama who became famous in mid-Victorian times. Ramonotwane was captured during one of the Matabele raids in 1832 or 1833, when about seventeen years of age, and taken to one of Mzilegazi's kraals, where he was trained to war and became one of the "Black Elephant's" most trusted followers.

His memory is remarkably good, as are all his senses, except for complete blindness. His sightless eyes, usually closed, sometimes open unexpectedly, and a truly uncanny effect is produced when he turns towards those who speak to him—as many blind people do—almost as though he can see them; the confidence with which he will point to places named in his conversation is almost as striking. In contrast to the loss of his sight, he has not lost half his teeth. His face, when relieved during conversation of a normal, half-wearied impassiveness, is animated, and at times his expression may become either genial or intense.

The piercing of his ear, not very apparent in the photograph, is significant. The lobes have not the small slits which the Bechuana tribes favour, but the large opening, adapted for the admission of pieces of wood or small cylinders of reed, which was the brand of Zulu and Matabele. This mark would have been placed upon him soon after his capture—certainly before the stage he had reached—that of a full-grown man—at the time of the Matabele retreat from the Transvaal, which took place in 1837. It was on that occasion that he received the blow which caused the large lump apparent on his forehead. The thumb and little finger of his left hand were shot off during the Boer attack on the Matabele in 1847, after they had long been settled in Matabeleland.

It was about the latter year that he was allowed to take his first wife—"we had been too busy fighting before that to be allowed to marry," the old man said, pointing to scars on his breast received in the course of his industrious cattle-reiving among the Mashona tribes. This wife was the first of many, however—so many that Ramonotwane said he had really lost count. His eldest son was killed fighting against the column under Dr. Jameson which took Bulawayo in 1893, at which time Mzilegazi's by no means impressive son Lobengula was the Matabele ruler.

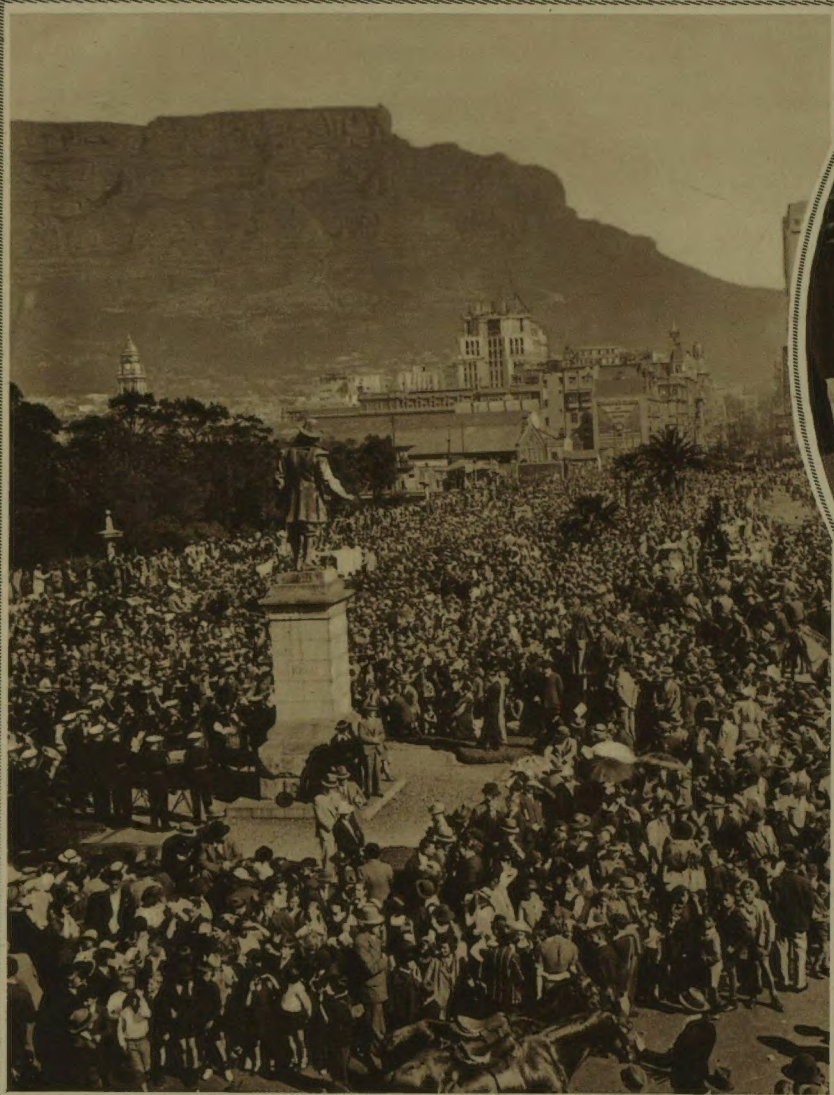


THE "GRAND OLD MAN OF BECHUANALAND": RAMONOTWANE, SAID TO HAVE BEEN BORN IN 1815, AND ACCORDINGLY NOW IN HIS 124TH YEAR.

Ramonotwane is blind, but his other senses are unimpaired, and he has a good memory. The lump on his forehead is said to be the result of a blow received in 1837 during the Matabele retreat from the Transvaal. The thumb and little finger of his left hand were shot away in 1847, when the Boers attacked the Matabele long after the tribe had settled in Matabeleland.

"VOORTREKKERS" TREK AGAIN—AFTER 100 YEARS:

THE PICTURESQUE START OF THE FOUR-MONTHS' JOURNEY FROM CAPETOWN UP-COUNTRY.



CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF THE BOER "VOORTREKKERS" WITH A GREAT TREK IN REPLICAS OF THE ORIGINAL OX-WAGGONS: THE CROWD AT THE VAN RIEBEECK STATUE AT CAPETOWN, WHENCE THE WAGGONS STARTED.



A RELIC OF THE ORIGINAL TREK BROUGHT OUT FOR THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: A MUZZLE-LOADER WHICH DID GOOD SERVICE AT THE BATTLE OF THE BLOOD RIVER, THE DESTINATION OF ONE OF THE WAGGONS.

The centenary celebrations in honour of the "Voortrekkers," the Boer pioneers who went out into the hinterland, began on August 8 with the departure from Capetown of two ox-waggons on the "Path of South Africa." The waggons are travelling together as far as the Orange Free State, and then separating—one going on to Pretoria, where, on December 16, the corner-stone of the Voortrekker Monument will be laid, and the other to the Blood River, where celebrations will be held on the same date—Dingaan's Day—on the spot where the Zulu king was defeated by Andries Pretorius. The waggons, specially constructed replicas of



BRINGING BACK THE DAYS OF THE "VOORTREKKERS": SOME OF THE PARTY IN PERIOD CLOTHES WHO ESCORTED THE WAGGONS ON THEIR FIRST DAY'S TREK; PHOTOGRAPHED AT A REHEARSAL.



THE TWO WAGGONS WITH THEIR TEAMS OF OXEN IN WHICH THE CENTENARY TREK TO PRETORIA AND BLOOD RIVER IS BEING MADE: THE SCENE IN ADDERLEY STREET, CAPETOWN, JUST BEFORE THE START.

"Voortrekker" waggons, were given an enthusiastic send-off by a crowd of 10,000 at Capetown. As they passed the Castle a salute was fired from two muzzle-loading guns more than 100 years old. They were escorted by a commando of horsemen in "Voortrekker" costume armed with muzzle-loading guns of the period. The first day's journey ended at Goodwood, seven miles from Capetown, where a huge *braaivleisaand*, the traditional South African open-air meal of grilled meat, was organised in the evening. The waggons carried the "Voortrekker Mail," which is to be cancelled at the end of the journey with a special postmark. (Photos, L.N.A.)

A TRANQUIL CORNER OF THE TROUBLED EAST.

"IN KOREAN WILDS AND VILLAGES": By STEN BERGMAN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

KOREA (or Corea, as we used to spell it when I was young and Peiping was Pekin, Tibet had an "h" and Rumania possessed an "o") is one of the least described of countries. Even in these days, when young men with cameras yearly penetrate the fastnesses of Turkestan and the Gran Chaco and a horde of correspondents and news-reel men swoop down on any part of the globe when there is trouble or prospect of trouble, nobody seems to remember Korea. A generation ago it was in the news. The Japanese took it because they feared the Russians might. The dim suzerainty of China was abolished and the King of Korea pensioned off. Then for some years Korea still appeared in the papers, because the Japanese had trouble in establishing themselves and Young Korean movements abounded. But of late, Europe has almost forgotten Korea's existence; only to remember it vaguely in connection with the recent Changkufeng Hill dispute.

This book confirms the impression that Korea is, at least temporarily, quieter than most of the Far East. It is, in fact, most pleasant in a world ridden by politics to read a travel-book which ignores them altogether. Mr. Bergman, when he meets a White Russian exile, may casually mention that there was a Russian Revolution; but that is as far as his intercourse with "problems" goes. He spent two years in Korea

There are 85,228 square miles of it and the latitude is that of Central and Southern Spain. It is very mountainous; the highest peak is Paiktusan, in the north, 8918 feet; the population is nearly twenty-two millions, mostly

in Stockholm) and living (though no longer living to-day) specimens of the dwarf owl, whose mysterious cry in the night had not been certainly attributed before. This owl is "a little yellowish-brown bird which is not much larger than a bullfinch and which carries two tufts on its head."

The party went out fishing; there is a photograph of a half-mile net bursting under a weight of sardines, which seems to imply a considerable packing and marketing industry. One form of fishing is presumably unique. There are thousands of women divers on Quelpart Island, where diving is exclusively a feminine occupation. Mr. Bergman photographed them. "There were three women hard by on the beach, tall and powerful, with well-shaped bodies. All three wore black bathing dresses, the costume of all the divers. Each of them was provided with a large float which consisted of the rind of a cucumber. In addition each had a fishing-net. This was fastened to the float. They all wore divers' spectacles. The three of them now swam off. When they had got a good way out they left the floats on the surface of the water, dived down with their legs kicking about in the air, and vanished from sight. They remained down in the water for a couple of minutes and then came up with both periwinkles and mussels. After resting a little on the surface down they



WHERE HEAVY BURDENS ARE A MAN'S DAILY LOT: A KOREAN CARRIER WITH HIS IMMENSE LOAD OF CHARCOAL LOGS, WHICH HE WILL BEAR FOR LONG DISTANCES.

Reproductions from "In Korean Wilds and Villages"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Gifford, Ltd.

engaged in agriculture. "The precise sources of the Korean population are as yet unknown. They belong to the Mongolian race and are as a rule easily distinguishable from both the Chinese and the Japanese, although, like these, they have black hair, dark slanting eyes and a golden-brown complexion. They have for the most part gentle faces with a slight look of surprise in their expression. They are generally bigger than the Japanese and more of the size of the Northern Chinese." The spoken and written languages differ entirely from Japanese and Chinese; Buddhism is the main religion, but Christianity is widely spread.

Mr. Bergman spent most of his time in the mountain and forest country of the north, which is least well-known, and on his very first trip he found himself delighted with the variety of wild life. Apart from familiar birds there were a number of local ones. "The restless and beautiful little long-tailed rose-finch was to be seen and also several Eastern Asiatic species of the Emberiza. Further down in the river valley we made our first acquaintance with the beautiful blue magpie. These birds have a strange distribution. Except in the Far East they only live in the mountainous valleys of Spain. On our second day's excursion we made acquaintance with the hazel-grouse, which we came across almost every day and which provided us with as good meals as did the pheasants which we shot lower down in the river valley."

The local way of killing pheasants is by hawking. There are photographs of the operation here. The



AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF KEEPING COOL IN HOT WEATHER EVOLVED IN KOREA: SUMMER "UNDERCLOTHING" OF BAMBOO FIBRE, WHICH IS WORN NEXT THE SKIN TO "PUFF OUT" OTHER CLOTHING, CUFFS OF SIMILAR MATERIAL BEING WORN AT THE WRISTS.

as a naturalist and sportsman, most of the time in country districts, and he gives a graphic and amusing picture of the ordinary life of what appears to be a charming people and an exciting account of his hunts for rare birds and beasts for the Swedish Museums.

He went out *via* Siberia and Manchukuo, where "the Japanese are doing all they can to free the country of bandits." Thirteen days out from Stockholm he and his taxidermist friend arrived at Korea's capital, Seoul, now called Keijo. "We were most cordially welcomed by the Japanese authorities at the station. We then drove at once to our hotel. Through the windows of the car I could see Greta Garbo's portrait displayed on big advertising placards. The film of 'Queen Christina' was being shown." Doubtless one touch of Garbo makes the whole world kin, but happily outside the capital Korea seems not yet much influenced by the West.

* "In Korean Wilds and Villages." By Sten Bergman. Translated by Frederic Whyte. Illustrated (John Gifford; 12s. 6d.).



HAWKING FOR PHEASANTS IN KOREA: THE FALCONER, WITH HIS BIRD ON HIS HAND, WATCHING THE SPOT IN THE VALLEY WHERE ANOTHER MAN IS BEATING FOR THE QUARRY—THE HAWK FLASHING DOWN DIRECTLY BIRDS APPEAR AND CATCHING THEM ON THE WING.

explorers seem to have little difficulty in filling the pot; apart from pheasants there were plenty of wild sheep and wild boar, very dark in hue. Shooting, however, was not their main preoccupation, but collecting, and they got some rarities, including flying squirrels (pretty things still alive



A SINGULAR OCCUPATION OF QUELPART ISLAND, OFF SOUTH KOREA: TWO OF THE THOUSANDS OF WOMEN WHO MAKE A LIVING BY DIVING FOR PERIWINKLES AND MUSSELS; WITH THEIR GEAR.

went again. These women divers spend a great part of the day in the sea. As a rule, they remain below for two or three minutes, generally in water about six to ten yards deep."

By the way, Mr. Bergman gives us many picturesque descriptions of scenery (the Diamond Mountains are like the most fantastic things in Chinese painting) and accounts of Korean cultivation, wedding and mourning customs, superstitions, temples, monks and innocent amusements. His photographs are many and various and the personalities attractive. This is one of those books which make the reader wish to go to the country described.

In so far as he indicates his view the author seems to think that the Japanese have done a great deal for Korea. *Inter alia*, they run a Zoological Gardens in Keijo, where Mr. Bergman delivered in English a lecture on animal life to the Chosen Natural History Society.

He also, in that town, met a Japanese marine engineer whose hobby was collecting dolls of all nations and ages. "A marine engineer such as he, was a type to be met only once in a lifetime." But Mr. Bergman seems to have a knack of meeting odd types.

FOOTBALL RECALLING A SIEGE: A FLORENTINE "OLD MASTER" ARMoured.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE.



IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME FOR THE STRANGE GAME OF FOOTBALL PLAYED IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, FLORENCE:
A VETERAN WHO HAS TAKEN PART IN FORTY-TWO OF THE PRELIMINARY PROCESSIONS.

Football, which is once more claiming the interest of the masses and the classes, and yielding pabulum for "pool" enthusiasts in general, has a history centuries old in Florence. Every year games of *calcio* are played there, no less famous a place than the Piazza della Signoria being taken over for the occasion. The game, which takes place twice a year—on the first Sunday in May and on June 24

(the feast of St. John Baptist, Florence's patron saint)—commemorates a heroic episode in Florentine history, when, in 1530, out of defiance, the Florentine nobility played a game of *calcio* under the fire of the Imperial troops who were besieging the city. It is made the occasion for a great display of pageantry, with knights, standard-bearers and drummers in original sixteenth-century dresses and armour.

FOOTBALL FOUR CENTURIES OLD: FLORENTINE *CALCIO* IN

PHOTOGRAPHS



THE PROCESSION WHICH PRECEDES THE GAME OF *CALCIO* (A HISTORIC TYPE OF FOOTBALL, COMBINING FEATURES OF BOTH RUGGER AND SOCCER) IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA AT FLORENCE: THE PLAYERS, IN FULL SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DRESS, SALUTING THE PUBLIC.



"RED" AND "WHITE" SIDES, IN A STRANGE BLEND OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY AND MODERN SPORTING CLOTHES, HOTLY ENGAGED: A MOMENT WHEN A "RED" PLAYER HAD CAUGHT THE BALL, THIS ENABLING HIS TEAM TO CARRY THE GAME INTO THEIR OPPONENTS' HALF.

In few countries does interest in football run to such passionate lengths as in Great Britain; yet the history of the organised game in this country is comparatively short. In Florence, under the name of *Calcio*, it has been played for centuries. The fact that the English League football matches

begin to-day (August 27) must, we feel, lend added interest to these photographs of the ancient Italian game, *Calcio*, as played in Florence, partakes of the nature of both Rugger and Soccer, besides possessing some unique features of its own. Each team consists of twenty-two men, one "eleven"

16th-CENTURY GARB; AND WITH TWENTY-TWO PLAYERS A SIDE.

BY KEYSTONE.



A TENSE MOMENT BEFORE THE "WHITE" GOAL—EXTENDING THE ENTIRE WIDTH OF THE FIELD: "RED" ATTACKERS BREAKING THROUGH THE ELEVEN "WHITE" DEFENDERS, WHILE SOME ROUGH-AND-READY TACKLES ARE MADE: WITH A BACKGROUND OF WORLD-FAMOUS STATUARY AND ARCHITECTURE.

being forwards; and the other being left as garrison troops to defend the goal, which is a sort of League goalkeeper's nightmare, for it extends the whole width of the "field." The ground is the famous Piazza della Signoria, adorned with some of the world's greatest works of art. Galleries are set

up for the spectators; and the square is covered with a deep layer of sand. The players retain their medieval dress (at least, in part) during the match. The two sides are the *bianchi* (whites) and *rossi* (reds). Many young members of the old Florentine families take part, and the game is very hotly contested.

FOOTBALL FOUR CENTURIES OLD: CALCIO CELEBRATIONS IN FLORENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



A QUAIN FEATURE OF THE TRADITIONAL CALCIO PROCESSION IN FLORENCE: THE BULL, WHICH, IN FORMER CENTURIES, WAS ROASTED IN PUBLIC AS A GRAND FINALE TO THE CELEBRATIONS, BUT IS NOW ONLY A TRADITIONAL ORNAMENT, LED IN THE PROCESSION, GAILY DECKED WITH CLOTHS AND COLOURED STREAMERS.



THE AUTHENTIC SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ARMOUR AND EQUIPMENT WORN IN THE CALCIO PROCESSION: MODERN YOUNG FLORENTINES AT SWORD-PLAY.



BALDRICS, BUFF-COATS AND BOTTLED BEER: A STRANGE CONTRAST AS A THIRSTY "SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PIKEMAN" REFRESHES HIMSELF.

As already noted, a great feature of the *calcio* game at Florence is the procession which precedes it. Some four hundred men dress up in colourful sixteenth-century garb, an interesting point being that many of the participants are descendants of the ancient grand dignitaries and officers of the Florentine State wearing authentic old costumes which have been preserved for centuries. They

dress in the courtyard of the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, and march through the centre of the city. The occasion is a public holiday; nobody works; traffic is at a standstill; lamp-posts and other positions of vantage are utilised to the full. Each of the scions of the Florentine aristocracy who take part in the game has a large group of friends to cheer him on.



A SUPERB INGRES DRAWING PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM—TO "FILL A GAP": A PORTRAIT-DRAWING BELIEVED TO BE OF SIR JOHN HAY (6th BARONET), AND MISS ANNE PRESTON, WHOM HE AFTERWARDS MARRIED; DRAWN IN ROME IN 1816. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

This delightful drawing by Ingres, which has been purchased by the National Art Collections Fund and presented to the British Museum, belongs to the period when Ingres was an impecunious artist working in Rome. He went to Rome in 1806 and remained there till 1820, when he moved to Florence. He kept himself, and later his wife and mother as well, by making small portrait-drawings such as this one in pencil. He charged but low fees and his sitters came from all classes. They included artists and musicians, members of the French colony

in Rome, and foreign visitors to the city. This drawing shows two from Great Britain, presumably engaged in making the Grand Tour. It was drawn in the year after Waterloo and two years after Ingres had painted "La Grande Odalisque" and "Raphael et la Fornarina." A few years ago yet another of these Ingres quick portraits was given by the National Art Collections Fund to the Ashmolean Museum. This drawing fills a long-standing gap in the British Museum's collection, which included some Ingres sketches, but none of his portrait-drawings.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SEPARATING THE SHEEP FROM THE GOATS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE goat has always been "ear-marked" as a creature of evil disposition. The Biblical references to it are many. We are told that on "the last day" the righteous shall be separated from the wicked, as a "shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." But the "goodness" of the domesticated sheep is due not so much to innate virtue as to dull-wittedness! The goat is more inclined to go his own way. That is a very human trait, and, within limits, a very useful one.

But the task of separating the sheep from the goats which faces those who have to solve the problem of distinguishing between these two types, from the antelopes, on the one hand, and the ox tribe, on the other, has yet to be solved. For they blend, the one into the other, in a most elusive fashion. The chamois, for example, can only be described, from the standpoint of the "systematist"—the poor wretch faced with the tasks of the classification of animals—as a "goat-like antelope." You must not, if you are kindly disposed, tell him to make up his mind to which of the two groups it really belongs. Let those who will, try to take the task out of his hand! The chamois (Fig. 1) is one of these tiresome creatures. Look at the photograph and say, offhand, whether it is to be called a goat or an antelope! The balance of evidence, when all its anatomical characters are examined, shows that its affinities ally it more closely, on the whole, to the antelopes. But it presents some features which have been implanted as a response to its mode of life, and one of the most interesting of these is revealed by an examination of its hoofs, which have their outer edges higher than the soles. This has come about as an adjustment to their use. For this animal is famous for the prodigious leaps it makes in springing from one ledge of a precipitous cliff to another; for these raised edges ensure a firm grip on alighting. Their very lives depend on it. Yet another peculiarity, not present in the antelopes, is found in the short, thick, wool which underlies the outer coat, and serves as a protection against the cold of the high altitudes in which it lives—the limits of perpetual snow.

Unfamiliar, save to Indian sportsmen, are the several strangely goat-like animals known as the goral (*Cemas*), the thar (*Hemitragus*), and the serows (*Nemorhadus*). By sportsmen these "border-line" animals are, and with good reason, considered as short-horned goats. It is not until their more intimate structure is examined that their "border-line" position is discovered. These are all on what we may call the "antelope" side of the ancestry. But in the Rocky Mountain goat (*Haplocerus*) and the takin (*Budorcas*) we have two other large species, which, so far as the appearance of the living animal goes, it would indeed be difficult for the inexpert to place in the proper relationship to the rest; for they bear no likeness either to goats or antelopes. Finally, among the aberrant types we have the musk-ox (*Ovibos*) of Greenland. One might suppose, from its scientific name, *Ovibos*, that it combines the characters of sheep and goat. As a matter of fact, however, it serves as a connecting link between the goats and the ox tribe. Some time ago I described this animal on this page. In one particular it resembles the takin, and this in the

extreme shortness of the "cannon-bone"—the bony shafts running from the knee and the hock to the foot—and this has probably come about from the nature of the ground over which they have to travel. For the one lives on the rocky, barren ground of the Arctic regions, and the other over similar terrain in Assam and Eastern Tibet.

And now we must turn to the true goats. As with the animals already mentioned, both sexes bear horns, though they are smaller—sometimes markedly so—in the female. Many species, like the sheep, have foot-glands, and a "beard" is developed by the males, which is never found among the sheep; they also have a characteristic and not very agreeable smell. Into their other anatomical characters we need not enter.

The ibex (*Capra ibex*), once abundant on the Alps of Switzerland, Savoy and the Tyrol, but now surviving only in a few valleys, on

this country for £200! But concretions of this kind are found in the alimentary canal of many very different kinds of mammals. "Bezoar-stones" from the llama



1. GOAT OR ANTELOPE?—THE CHAMOIS, WHICH PRESENTS A PUZZLE TO THE SYSTEMATISTS, SINCE IT EXHIBITS A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE, ON THE ONE HAND, TO THE ANTELOPES, AND, ON THE OTHER, TO THE GOATS.

This photograph shows an adult female with her young, the budding horns of which have raised conical swellings on the forehead above the eyes. The balance of evidence shows that the chamois' affinities ally it more closely to the antelopes than to the goats.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

and the oriental "cow-bezoar" were just as highly prized. Their medicinal value is, of course, nil. The concretion often found in the intestine of the sperm whale is of this nature. But it does, indeed, possess properties which are useful to man, for ambergris, the name given to the substance, is very highly prized by the makers of perfumes. It imparts to the scents they distil great powers of intensification, and hence fetches a high price in the market. It is generally taken from the body of the animal, but is sometimes found floating in the sea. When cut in pieces, portions of the beaks of cuttle-fish are always found embedded in its substance. "Bezoar-stones" are round in shape and composed of some form of phosphate felted together by hairs which have been licked from the body.

The horns of the markhoor—an indubitable goat—depart in a very striking way from those of the typical goat, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3). For in their typical form they may be likened to a long, spirally-coiled shaft, recalling a gigantic corkscrew, and resembling those of the eland. But the number of turns in the screw varies as between different species. In some species, however, as in the Panjal markhoor, the spiral is very open, giving the form of a long, twisted shaft with an upstanding ridge, and this is seen in a much more exaggerated form in the Western Himalayan markhoor, where the twist is less marked, but the horns spread outwards till the tips, in the record specimen in Sir Victor Brooke's collection, are some 4 ft. 4 in. apart!

Whenever I am looking at horns, whether of cattle, goats or sheep, and still more of deer, I am always asking what agency has controlled the forms of their several types and the departures from the particular types under examination? With these horns of the markhoor, for example, we can find nothing, either in the haunts or habits of the animal, which affords the slightest clue to the mystery. Each of these different groups, be it noted, has its own type; but the variants on that type only seem to add to that mystery. Only in some species are these weapons developed by the females, but here they are never so massive.

What, indeed, started the development of horns? We are told that we must attribute their origin to the custom among these creatures of "butting" on the part of the males when fighting with rivals, but this is mere guess-work. Why should this mode of fighting have led to the evolution, on the one hand, of horny sheaths, investing a bony core, and on the other of solid, branching weapons annually shed and renewed, but covered, while growing, by a velvet-like investment of hair answering to these "sheaths"?



2. THE CAUCASIAN, OR GRECIAN, IBEX: A TYPICAL GOAT; AND PROBABLY THE SPECIES FROM WHICH DOMESTICATED GOATS WERE DERIVED.

the Italian side of Monte Rosa, may be cited as the typical goat. But I have chosen, for my illustration (Fig. 2), the closely related Caucasian ibex (*Capra caucasica*), since it is the species from which our domesticated goats have been derived. The horns, which are long and backwardly curved, bear slight prominences, or "knobs," which are yet larger in the Arabian and the Nubian species. It is still further interesting in that it was from this animal that in olden times a solid substance sometimes found in the stomach was highly prized for its supposed medicinal properties. It was known as the "bezoar-stone" and is still, I believe, highly prized in Persia as an antidote to poisons. One of these stones, weighing four ounces, was once sold in



3. ANOTHER INDUBITABLE GOAT, ALTHOUGH DISTINGUISHED BY ITS REMARKABLE SPIRAL HORNS AND LUXURIANT BEARD: THE MARKHOOR; FROM INDIA.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

BARBEL-SPEARING IN RHODESIA: SUMMER FISHING BY NATIVES WHO FAVOUR SPORT THAT REQUIRES SKILL AND PERSEVERANCE.



SUMMER FISHING IN RHODESIA: NATIVES ARMED WITH IRON-POINTED SPEARS WORKING THROUGH A POOL IN A PARTIALLY DRIED-UP RIVER, AND LOCATING BARBEL BY BUBBLES OR BY FEELING THEM WITH THEIR FEET.



THE BARBEL LOCATED, THE SPEARER THRUSTS AT IT WITH HIS POINT, HAVING TO JUDGE ITS POSITION IN THE OPAQUE AND MUDDY WATER AS BEST HE CAN; AND USING A STICK TO KEEP HIS BALANCE.



A FINE CATCH OF BARBEL: FISH WITH EEL-LIKE CHARACTERISTICS, WHISKERED MOUTHS, BROAD, FLAT HEADS, GAPING JAWS, AND BUTTON EYES, WHICH YET MAKE GOOD EATING WHEN THEY ARE SMALL.



HOW THE BARBEL IS SPEARED: THE FISHERMAN PROUDLY RAISES ALOFT HIS TROPHY, WHICH IS SMEARED WITH MUD AND PEBBLES, DUE TO ITS HAVING BEEN FORCED ALONG THE GROUND WHEN THE POINT WAS DRIVEN THROUGH IT.

IN spite of his drab, eel-like form, small button eyes, whiskered mouth, and broad, flat head with gaping jaws, the barbel is the stand-by of colonial anglers when the more fastidious scale fish refuse to take the lure. In the large rivers such as the Zambesi, barbel, particularly the species known by the native name of "vundu," grow to a considerable size—about five feet in length and approximately 100 lb. in weight. When the fish reach these proportions, however, the flesh is coarse, though a young barbel well prepared can be an appetising dish. Clear, running water is usually shunned by the barbel as he swims slowly at the bottom of his favourite turbid pool or river in search of food. When the rivers dry up and the scale fish lie gasping, an easy mark for beasts and birds of prey, in the mud, the barbel merely buries himself in the mud to hibernate and there remains in a comatose state until the summer

rains return once more to fill the sun-baked watercourses. These photographs of barbel-fishing were taken in the Manzaninyama River, in the Bulalima Mangye district of South Rhodesia. In the dry weather the river is a series of pools in a sandy watercourse, into which the natives advance in lines, each man holding in his right hand a long barbelless spear, and in the other a pole to serve as a balance. The fisherman locates the barbel by the bubbles rising to the surface or by feeling the fish brush past him.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CURRENT conditions in the profession of letters were discussed recently in an interesting series of articles published in the Literary Supplement of *The Times*. Among other things, the writer quoted an opinion, expressed at the Left Book Club, that "literature was dead, and the people were not, and never would be, interested in literature." I believe this view to be quite incorrect. Popular education, I should say, has created a large studious element in what is called the working class. That they really appreciate good literature is attested by the wide demand for cheap reprints of established classics, but they cannot afford to buy expensive new books. The masses, in fact, are no more indifferent to literature, when it is brought within their means, than they are to Shakespeare on the stage, not to mention opera and ballet, as proved by Lilian Baylis at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells.

Support for this belief, that cultural aspirations are nowadays "in widest commonality spread," may be found in Sir Hugh Walpole's delightful contribution to "Vic-Wells." The work of Lilian Baylis. Edited by Harcourt Williams. With 32 Photographs by Angus McBean (Cobden-Sanderson: cloth, 10s. 6d.; paper edition, with 15 Illustrations, 5s.). According to Sir Hugh, the modern Philistine is found among the rich rather than the poor: "My experience of the London theatre during the last thirty years," he writes, "is that London is, theatrically, absolutely unæsthetic; that it cares almost nothing for the art of the theatre. . . . Miss Baylis undoubtedly knew about all this and so she insistently avoided the West End. The middle and upper classes in England are quite uncultured. The lower middle and lower classes (I mention these obsolete distinctions for better clarity) are beginning to care about the Arts in a way that will surprise everybody in a few years' time. The radio, the gramophone, the Penguin library—all these things help the good cause. So Miss Baylis made her creation in the poorer parts of the city."

This beautifully illustrated volume commemorating one of the most remarkable women of her time—unique in character and originality—is an instance of the admirable modern method of co-operative biography, illuminating the central figure from many different angles. It contains reminiscent appreciations by nearly thirty of her friends, including Lord Lytton, Father Andrew, Dame Ethel Smyth, and many famous players, among them Dame Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans and John Gielgud. The book is published in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial Fund, and the proceeds will go to the Vic-Wells completion scheme. I hope it will have a huge sale, as it deserves. It carries me back to an evening long ago, before the Old Vic was reconstructed, when after the performance I "went behind" for a word with Wilfrid Walter—then the Shakespearean "lead"—and found him in full "war paint" in his rather primitive dressing-room. It reminds me also of another occasion when he and the late Florence Saunders, to whom in this book Lilian Baylis refers as her "lovely leading lady," judged the costumes at a fancy-dress dance which I had helped to organise. I remember, too, a more recent incident, when I took a granddaughter to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream," went by mistake to Sadler's Wells, discovered the play was on at the Old Vic, and tore across London in a taxi, to arrive just before the curtain rose.

Talking of the Old Vic curtain recalls a war-time anecdote in another literary tribute to the moving spirit of the place, namely, "LILIAN BAYLIS." By Sybil and Russell Thorndike. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 5s.). Here Dame Sybil expands her single page in "Vic-Wells" into a full and intimate personal record, to which her brother adds his equally interesting memories. Describing her efforts to reach the Old Vic one night, while German raiders were overhead, Dame Sybil writes: "Shall we ever forget the crashing night of the Air Raid on Waterloo Station?—the Lear tempest raged that night. . . . As I got out of the Waterloo Tube Station I met crowds pouring down the stairs with the Air Raid look on their faces, and

in their talk too. Lilian was more to be reckoned with, however, than any raid, so up I fought my way to the street. I was stopped by a bobby, who said: 'You can't go outside here, my dear; raid's on.' 'I can't help the raid,' I cried, clinging to his brass buttons, 'the curtain's up at the Old Vic, and I shan't be on for my entrance.' 'Old Vic, is it,' he said. 'Oh, I know Miss Baylis; yes, you're right,' and, a lull coming in the bomb sounds, he gave me a push into Waterloo Road with a: 'Now run for your life, and if you're killed, don't blame me—blame Her!' I got to the pit door—first door I reached—and found Lilian in a fume and fret. 'Why on earth weren't you in before this?' 'A raid,' I said, 'everybody underground at Waterloo—everything impossible.' 'Raid!' she snorted. 'What's a raid when my curtain's up!'"

Looking ahead at "the shape of things to come" in this article, I foresee that it is likely to develop into an excursus on dual personality. And by way of introduction, I must revert for a moment to Walpole's essay, where he says: "I discovered also, hearing about Lilian Baylis from one friend and another, that two completely distinct personalities emerged, and it seemed to be impossible to reconcile them." The details he proceeds to give suggest complexity even more than duality, but the broad distinction remains between two sets of conflicting traits. A similar dualism, though running in different directions, forms the keynote in a new memoir of a celebrated painter, namely, "THE DOUBLE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER." By Kenelm Foss. With 3 Portraits and Death-mask (Secker; 10s. 6d.).

The author begins with a resounding smack at Turner's Victorian biographers, and it would seem indeed that his life, as presented by them, is rather a gift to the "debunking" fraternity. Mr. Foss applies the process to them, rather than to him, for he remains a devotee of Turner, though on different grounds. He stresses the magnanimity of his main purpose in life—to amass, by infinite

future. In 1796 Turner "laid his all at his lady's feet," only to find that, through his heedless neglect, she was on the point of marrying someone else. "That chaotic upheaval in his tortured soul . . . was to make him avoid all woman-kind for many a year, and never view them in the light of marriage, develop distrust until it became a mania, shut out friendship, and drive him into the prison of his own strange nature, from which he was only able eventually to emerge through the pursuit of parallel identities. If Robert Louis Stevenson, born before Turner died, did not conceive the first notion of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' with Turner in his mind, he might easily have done so, for that fiction is rendered credible by Turner's life, after his abortive, thwarted love-affair." Something of the same sort, it will be remembered, happened to Swinburne.

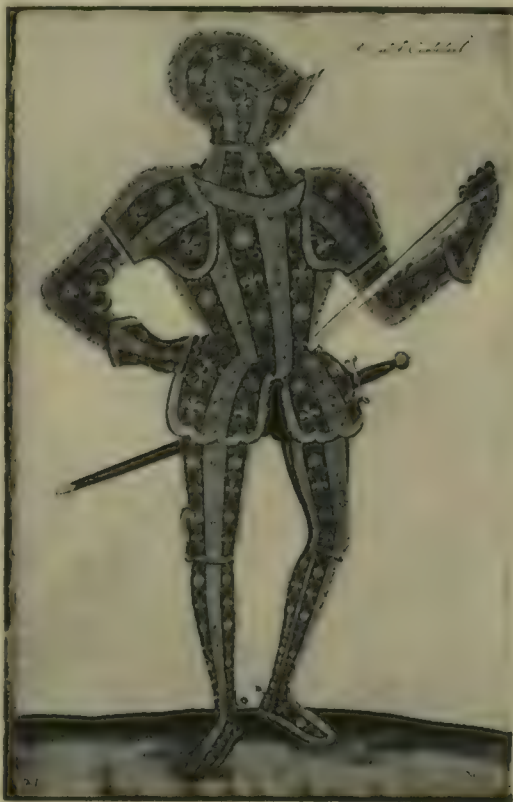
While Mr. Foss allows full play to the furtive and plebeian eccentricities of "Hyde," he does not undervalue the glorious achievements of "Jekyll." Ruskin himself never extolled Turner's art with more fervour and conviction, while the inter-relation between the two sides of his character is cleverly analysed. "Among all historical examples of dual personality," we read, "Turner's is surely the most striking, in that he presented to the world-at-large one odd and possibly unattractive character, while gradually revealing to his critics, brother-artists, and all those who had eyes to see, susceptibility to feel, and brains to understand, that he was also a supreme poet and inspired visionary. . . . On his worldly side, Turner had no dignity, despite the fact that dignity, nobility, and grandeur are the keystones of his work."

Personal dualism of a less deep-seated kind may sometimes result from a tendency to self-dramatisation in the artistic temperament, and may be only a passing phase; not, as with Turner, a life-long habit. I have found an example of this slighter and evanescent type in one of the most revealing and attractive autobiographies I have come across for many years—"THE WAY TO THE PRESENT." A Personal Record. By John van Druten (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.). Here the well-known dramatist and novelist, who has given us "Young Woodley" and various other works, tells in intimate detail the story of his formative years, through which he attained his present position, including unhappy schooldays, uncongenial drudgery in a lawyer's office, and as lecturer on law in a Welsh college, and a final emergence into the literary limelight, achieved largely through following the wise and kindly advice of Sir John Squire.

Mr. van Druten's "dual personality" phase, as already noted, was quite incidental and transient; not at all typical of his career. I give it here, simply because it happens to suit my book, as an example of his autobiographical manner. Curiously enough, it takes us back into regions associated more with painting than drama. Recalling a time when, owing to a case of diphtheria in his family, he found himself temporarily at a loose end in London, he says: "Possessed of leisure for the first time on account of my quarantine, I took myself to the National Gallery, which I had not visited since the days of my childhood. . . . I struck up an acquaintance with a painter . . . and I clung to the relationship for all that I could squeeze out of it, presenting myself in my favourite rôle of the young poet, and doing my best to dress the part by wearing bow ties and washing my hair as often as possible, so that it should be loose, floppy and untidy, instead of smoothly slicked down as I wore it in the City. For a while I led a ridiculous and quite deliberate Jekyll and Hyde existence: Hyde in a dark coat and striped trousers at the office during the week, Jekyll in a black velour hat over the week-end. Perhaps the names of the characters should be reversed in this analysis, but that was how I would have seen them then."

And now I too have reached a point where the Hyde that lurks within me demands respite from the austerity of Jekyll, in the form, perhaps, of an interval for refreshment.

C. E. B.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK (BEGINNING AUGUST 25) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A TUDOR ARMOURER'S ALBUM, OPEN AT A PAGE SHOWING AN ELABORATE SUIT MADE FOR THE EARL OF CUMBERLAND, THE ELIZABETHAN COURTIER AND ADVENTURER.

The only specifically English school of armoury of any importance was founded at Greenwich in 1511 by Henry VIII., and by the reign of Elizabeth had evolved a distinctive style of rich decoration applied in vertical bands. The most important record of the school is the album exhibited; the drawings having been executed apparently between 1580 and 1590.

industry, a great sum of money to bequeath for the benefit of fellow-artists in distress. Turner succeeded in this ideal, but after his death his wishes (like Nelson's) were not fulfilled, and the author records, with biting scorn and indignation, how the obvious intentions of Turner's will, both in public and private matters, were set aside by interested lawyers, and how, after years of litigation, his estate was finally awarded to "an heir-at-law who was virtually a total stranger to the testator, upon whose goodwill he had not the faintest claim." Another person who fares badly at the biographer's hands is Ruskin, the author's contention being that, so far from Ruskin haying made Turner's reputation, the boot was on the other leg—it was Turner who "made" Ruskin.

As to Turner's "double life," it would have been more attractive with a little less squalor, and a little more romance, in his deviations from the path of decorum. The biographer recalls, however, that in his early days there had been a very real romance, the failure of which, by his own mismanagement, spoilt his whole



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS PRESENTED TO THE DICKENS HOUSE, DOUGHTY STREET: A MINIATURE OF HIM AT EIGHTEEN; PAINTED BY HIS AUNT, JANET BARROW. (ACTUAL SIZE.) This portrait-miniature of Charles Dickens, by his aunt, Janet Barrow, has been presented by the Comte de Suzannet to the Dickens House, 48, Doughty Street, W.C. It is the earliest known portrait of Dickens. The artist had achieved great repute as a miniature painter before her marriage, when she was Miss Janet Ross. The portrait figured in the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's of the Comte de Suzannet's Dickens manuscripts last month.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



L. HUTTON.

The twenty-two-year-old Yorkshire batsman who played the most brilliant innings in English Test cricket when he made 364 in the Final Test match. This was a record for the highest score in any Test match. His innings lasted thirteen hours and twenty minutes!



LORD LONDONDERRY.

The names of the five honorary Commissioners who will control the Civil Air Guard have been announced. The Chief Commissioner is Lord Londonderry, a former Air Minister and a keen private pilot. Another Commissioner is Mrs. Miles, wife of Mr. F. G. Miles, joint managing-director of Phillips and Powis Aircraft, of Reading. She is a pilot and a member of the Reading Flying Club. The third is Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, Conservative M.P. for Melton Mowbray, chairman of the Royal Aero Club and of the General Council of Associated Light Aeroplane Clubs. He has his own aerodrome at Ratcliffe Hall, Leicestershire. A fourth is Major Alan Goodfellow, a solicitor, and wartime pilot in the Royal Air Force, who is a member of the Lancashire Aero Club and of the General Council of Associated Light Aeroplane Clubs. The fifth Commissioner, whose portrait is unobtainable at the moment, is Mr. Robert Murray, President of the Glasgow Corporation Transport Flying Club.



MRS. F. G. MILES.



MR. LINDSAY EVERARD.



MAJOR ALAN GOODFELLOW.



FLYING-OFFICER A. N. YOUNG.

Broke the English endurance record for single-seat gliders on August 18. He remained in the air for 15½ hours over the Midland Gliding Club's ground at Long Mynd, near Shrewsbury. This, after only five days' practice in sailplaning.



THE FRENCH CHIEF OF AIR STAFF VISITS BERLIN: GENERAL VUILLEMIN; WITH GENERAL MILCH.

General Vuillemin, Chief of the French Air Staff, arrived in Berlin on August 16, on an official visit, at the invitation of General Göring. He was greeted at the Staaken military aerodrome by General Milch, State Secretary at the German Air Ministry. In the afternoon he laid a wreath on the War Memorial. He subsequently visited several aircraft factories.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SAUDI ARABIA IN LONDON: A VISIT FOR PERSONAL REASONS.

The Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, the Emir Saud, and his brother, the Emir Mohammed, arrived in London recently on a short visit. The Crown Prince has come to London to consult his dentist and the Emir Mohammed for medical treatment. They stayed in a hotel on Park Lane.



A BRITISH PASSPORT OFFICIAL ARRESTED IN GERMANY: CAPT. KENDRICK; WITH HIS WIFE.

Capt. J. A. Kendrick, British Passport Control Officer in Vienna, was arrested on August 17 and detained by the secret political police. He was released on August 20 and requested to leave the Reich within 24 hours. The charge against him was stated to be espionage.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER LEAVING ALEXANDRIA ON THEIR WAY TO KENYA: THE DUCHESS; FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE WITH ZULFICAR PASHA.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived at Port Said, on their way to Kenya, on August 17. They flew to Dekhela, near Alexandria, and were met there by Zulficar Pasha, the Grand Chamberlain, representing King Faruk, and by other notabilities. They took luncheon at the Embassy; and were the guests at tea of King Faruk at the Abdin Palace. A private dinner at the Embassy followed; and later they left for Khartoum.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ENTERTAINED BY KING FARUK: T.R.H. SEATED ON EITHER SIDE OF THEIR HOST, WITH WHOM THEY TOOK TEA.



MADAME HORTHY, WIFE OF ADMIRAL HORTHY, THE REGENT OF HUNGARY, WHOM SHE ACCOMPANIED ON HIS VISIT TO GERMANY, THERE NAMING AND LAUNCHING THE GERMAN CRUISER "PRINZ EUGEN."

PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT NEWS: SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.



LAUNCHED BY MME. HORTHY, WIFE OF THE REGENT OF HUNGARY: THE "PRINZ EUGEN," THE THIRD OF THE NEW 10,000-TON CRUISERS TO BE BUILT UNDER THE NAZI NAVAL CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME AND CORRESPONDING TO THE CRUISERS OF THE BRITISH "NEWCASTLE" CLASS.

During the State visit of Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, to Germany, naval manoeuvres were held at Kiel on August 22. Before boarding Herr Hitler's official yacht, "Grille," the party motored to the Germania shipyards, where Mme. Horthy launched the new 10,000-ton cruiser "Prinz

Eugen." This ship corresponds to our "Newcastle" class and will carry the same armament: twelve 6-in. guns, in four triple turrets, with twin A.A. guns amidships, on the fore superstructure and right aft. She will be well protected, with a water-line belt of armour and substantial plating over the turrets; and, with 84,000 h.p., is expected to steam at 33 knots. Aft of the funnel is the hangar with a catapult mounted in the rear of it. Our drawing shows how the new German cruiser will appear when completed. (From the drawing by Dr. Oscar Parkes.)



DISCARDED AS RUBBISH! THE SUPERB FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING OF THE DOOM, DISCOVERED IN PENN CHURCH, AS IT APPEARS AFTER RESTORATION.

An important archaeological discovery was made recently at Penn, in Buckinghamshire. During a restoration of the church, some oak boards covered with dilapidated plaster were removed from a space in the roof above the chancel arch and placed in the churchyard to be carted away as rubbish. It was then discovered that there was colouring on them and that mediæval work had been defaced. A superb fifteenth-century painting of the Doom was revealed. ("The Times.")



COMMEMORATING THE 900TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF ST. STEPHEN: A STATUE OF THE FIRST KING OF HUNGARY UNVEILED AT SZEKESFEJERVAR.

The 900th anniversary of the death of St. Stephen, the first King of Hungary, was commemorated for a week throughout Hungary. On August 18 a joint sitting of the Hungarian Houses of Parliament, the Regent presiding, took place in the courtyard of the Town Hall at Szekesfejerwar (illustrated on the front page of this issue). On the same day an equestrian statue of St. Stephen was unveiled in the town. (Wide World.)



THE GLENFINNAN MONUMENT TRANSFERRED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: THE CEREMONY ON THE SPOT WHERE THE YOUNG PRETENDER'S STANDARD WAS RAISED.

On August 20, the Glenfinnan Monument, which stands on the spot where the Young Pretender's standard was raised at the start of the Rising of the '45, was handed over to the National Trust of Scotland for maintenance and safe-keeping. The ceremony was watched by many descendants of those clansmen who rallied round the Young Pretender. The presentation was made by Sir Walter Blount, the proprietor of the Glenfinnan Estate. (Photo Illustrations.)



THE MINISTERIAL INAUGURATION OF THE NEW VALLOT REFUGE ON MONT BLANC: M. ZAY (RIGHT) PASSING A CHASSEURS ALPINS BAND BEFORE THE ASCENT.

M. Zay, the French Minister for Education, had to abandon his ascent of Mont Blanc to inaugurate the new Vallot refuge on August 21 owing to bad weather. The refuge is at a height of 14,400 ft., and M. Zay, who had reached the Tête Rousse chalet at 11,500 ft., decided that, as the storm had grown worse, the climb must be abandoned and delivered his opening address at that spot. Later the party ascended to the foot of the Aiguille du Gouter before returning to St. Gervais. (Keystone.)

HUNGARY AND GERMANY: THE "PRINZ EUGEN" NAMED BY MME. HORTHY.



THE FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT OF A HEAD OF A STATE TO GERMANY SINCE NATIONAL-SOCIALISM CAME INTO POWER: ADMIRAL HORTHY, REGENT OF HUNGARY, AND HERR HITLER, FOLLOWED BY MME. HORTHY, LANDING FROM THE YACHT "NIXE" AT THE GERMANIA WHARF, KIEL. (Central Press).



GERMANY'S LATEST 10,000-TON CRUISER LAUNCHED BY MME. HORTHY AT KRUPPS' GERMANIA SHIPYARD, AT KIEL: THE "PRINZ EUGEN" GLIDING DOWN THE SLIPWAY AFTER THE NAMING CEREMONY, DURING WHICH IT WAS REVEALED THAT HERR HITLER HIMSELF HAD CHOSEN "PRINZ EUGEN." (Keystone).

Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, began his visit to Germany on August 21. On the following day he was greeted at Kiel by Herr Hitler, who had been at Gross-Born, and host and guests embarked in the yacht "Nixe," which took them to Krupp's Germania wharf, where Mme. Horthy was to launch the new 10,000-ton cruiser. The name of this ship, the "Prinz Eugen," was a secret until Mme. Horthy performed the ceremony. Dr. Seyss-Inquart, Statthalter of Austria, then revealed that the name was chosen by Herr Hitler himself, and that it commemorated a vessel of the Austro-Hungarian Navy in which the Regent had once

served. He also recalled Prince Eugene's close association with both Austria and Hungary. In the afternoon the Führer and his guests boarded the naval yacht "Grille" to watch a review of the German Fleet in honour of Admiral Horthy, the last Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Navy. The Fleet, comprising 117 ships, was led by the battleship "Gneisenau," followed by the three pocket battleships "Admiral Graf Spee," "Admiral Scheer" and "Deutschland," and in the last group were 37 submarines. A drawing showing the "Prinz Eugen" as she will appear when in commission will be found on the opposite page.

DISCUSSED BY ALL EUROPE: GERMANY'S GREATEST POST-WAR MANŒUVRES.



PREPARING THE GUNS FOR ACTION DURING THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES: A BATTERY OF MEDIUM ARTILLERY CAMOUFLAGED AND IN POSITION. (Keystone.)



DIGGING HIMSELF IN WITH THE AID OF HIS ENTRENCHING-TOOL: A GERMAN SOLDIER "TAKING COVER"; WITH A MACHINE-GUN CREW IN THE BACKGROUND. (A.P.)



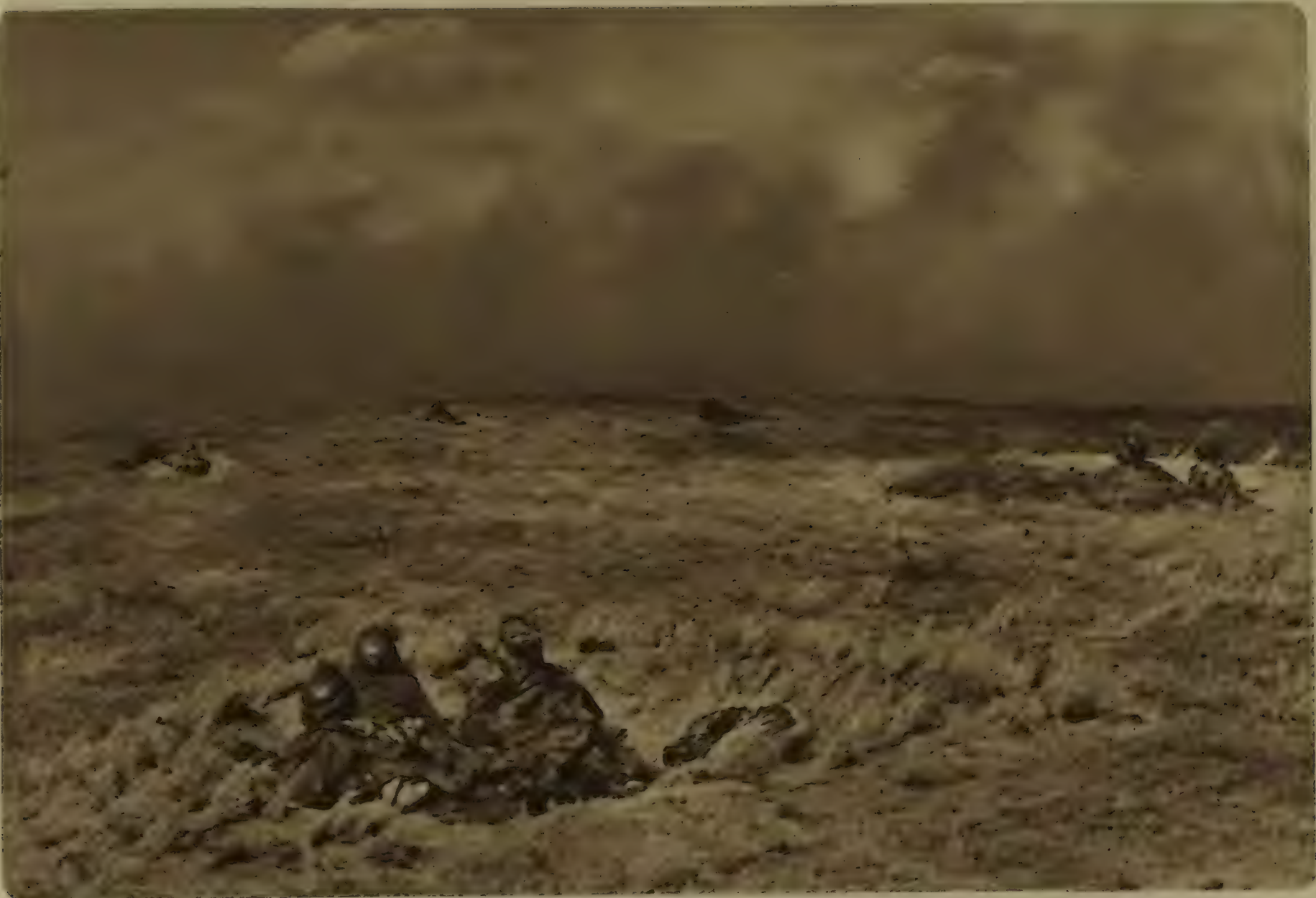
THE FÜHRER AT THE GROSS-BORN MANŒUVRES: HERR HITLER INTENT ON A PHASE OF THE II. ARMY CORPS' EXERCISES. (A.P.)

THE autumn manœuvres of the German Army, which began on August 14, are expected to last ten weeks and are intended mainly to serve the purpose of training reservists. Most marked interest in these exercises was shown in other countries when it became known that 750,000 reservists were to be called to the Colours; that a certain number of conscripts whose service would normally end in September were to be retained indefinitely; that all men of military age (under 65) were forbidden to leave Germany; and that food, horses, and motor-vehicles were being requisitioned on a large scale. These measures and the registration of women and other non-combatants may be regarded as a partial trial mobilisation. As the reserve divisions are training as units, it was necessary to draw upon civilian resources for their needs, for they are not equipped with military transport of their own. Officially described as "small manœuvres," each of the 52 divisions of the



CAMOUFLAGED WITH PLANTS AND GRASS PLACED IN THE BAND ROUND HIS HELMET: A YOUTHFUL GERMAN SOLDIER ON MANŒUVRES AT GROSS-BORN. (A.P.)

German Army will carry out divisional training in its own area until September 5 and then each of the 18 Army Corps which form Germany's peace establishment will train independently as a unit until September 25. The peace establishment of the German Army, together with that of the former Austrian Army, is some 600,000 men, and by the middle of September probably over 1,000,000 men will be under arms. Herr Hitler is taking a keen personal interest in the technical side of the exercises and on August 15 he visited Jüterborg, some forty miles from Berlin, where units of the Third Army Command (Berlin) began divisional training, as did other troops in all parts of the Reich. On August 17 the Führer watched a battalion exercise at the Infantry School at Döberitz, near Berlin, and on August 19 he began a two-day visit to units of the II. Army Corps at Gross-Born, in Eastern Pomerania. He was accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, Colonel-General von Brauchitsch.



EXERCISES AT GROSS-BORN WHICH WERE WATCHED BY HERR HITLER: GERMAN INFANTRY SHELTERING IN SHALLOW RIFLE-PITS; THEIR HELMETS WITH CONCEALING GRASS IN THE BANDS IN FRONT AND THEIR BODIES MADE "INVISIBLE" BY MEANS OF COVERINGS WITH A CAMOUFLAGE PATTERN. (A.P.)



A MIMIC BATTLE IN PROGRESS AT GROSS-BORN A LIGHT MACHINE-GUN CREW (LEFT) AND RIFLEMEN (RIGHT) FIRING THROUGH OPENINGS IN A WELL-CAMOUFLAGED SCREEN, WHILE "HELLS" EXPLODE IN FRONT OF THEM, DURING AN ATTACK ON THEIR POSITION. (Planet.)

A WINDOW OPEN ON THE WORLD: EVENTS ON LAND AND WATER RECORDED IN PICTURES.



ATTEMPTING TO BREAK A WORLD'S WATER-SPEED RECORD: MR. EDWARD SPURR BEING TOWED OUT ON LAKE WINDERMERE IN "EMPIRE DAY."

Mr. Edward Spurr, who has designed a speed-boat, "Empire Day," in accordance with the ideas of the late "Lawrence of Arabia," with whom he worked for some time, has been testing the craft on Lake Windermere in preparation for an attempt on the world's water-speed record for the 400-kilogramme class, at present held by Italy with a speed of just under 70 m.p.h. The boat is shaped like an aeroplane wing. It cost £8000 to build. (*Wide World*.)



A FLIGHT WHICH CAUSED MUCH COMMENT: COLONEL LINDBERGH ALIGHTING AT WARSAW AERODROME ON THE WAY TO MOSCOW FOR "AVIATION DAY."

Colonel Lindbergh's "secret" flights are always a matter of comment, and even in connection with his visit to Moscow to see the Soviet's annual air display, rumour was busy suggesting various reasons for the flight. On August 18 Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were entertained by Stalin on the private balcony reserved for Soviet leaders at the Tushino Aerodrome. The display included mass parachute-jumping, aerobatics, and gliding. Colonel Lindbergh has made no statement about the reasons for his visit.



A LINK WITH BURNS WHICH MAY BE DEMOLISHED: THE TAM O' SHANTER INN, AT AYR, FOR WHICH FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Unless £830 is subscribed by September 30, the Tam o' Shanter Inn, Ayr, which has associations with Robert Burns, may pass into commercial hands and be demolished to make way for business premises, as it stands on a valuable site. The Ayr Burns Club hold an option on the property, and have asked their members to subscribe £4 each to save the inn; while Ayr Town Council have offered to pay half of the purchase price of £2500. (*Topical*.)



THE WHALE WHICH WAS SHOT RECENTLY IN THE RIVER TRENT: THE ANIMAL TAKEN TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, WHERE IT IS BEING PRESERVED.

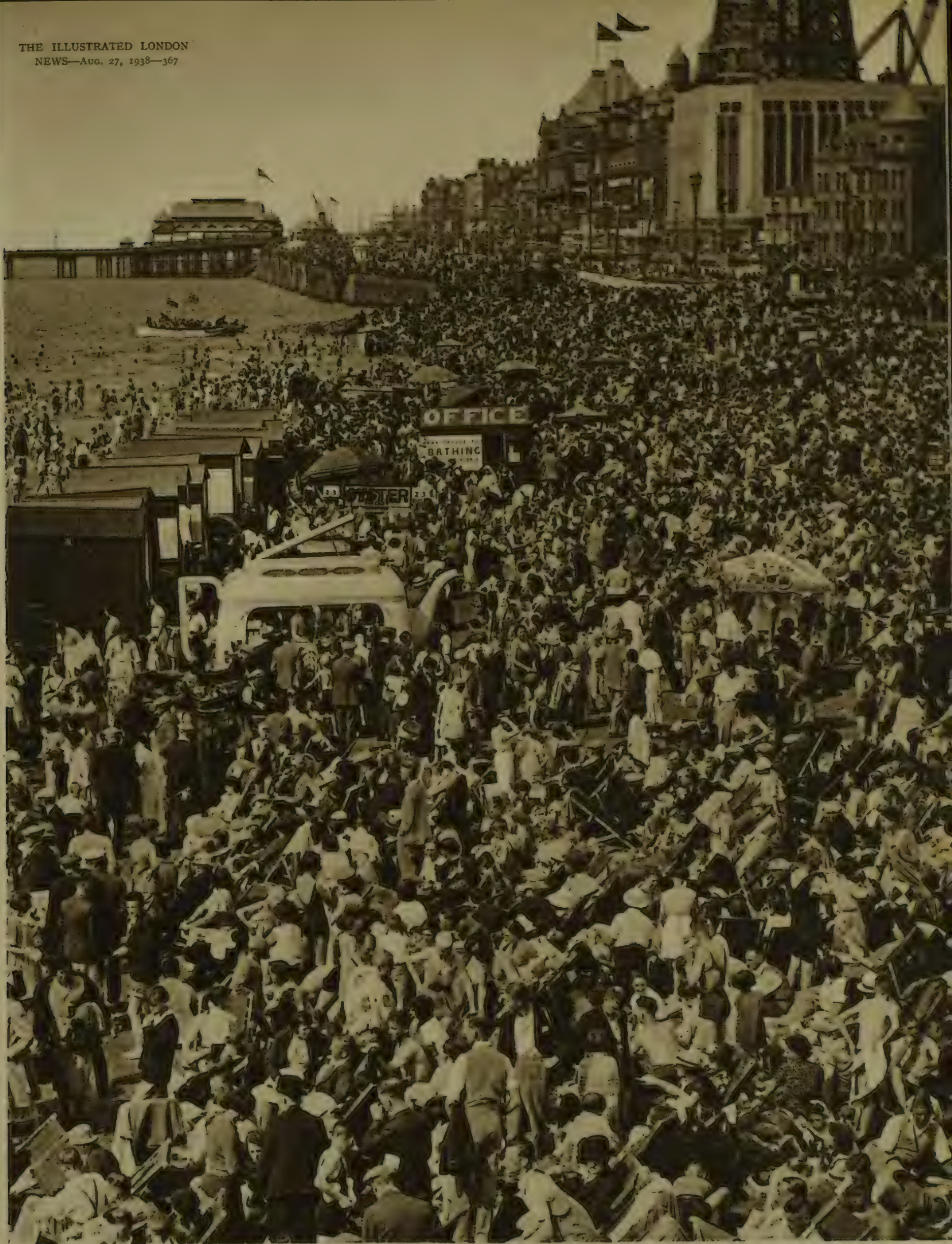
On August 15 this bottle-nosed whale was washed ashore on the banks of the Trent at Keadby, near Scunthorpe, and was shot by Mr. W. Starkey. It weighs 3½ tons and measures nearly 25 ft. It was claimed by the Government and, as it is a specimen of a species which is fast becoming extinct, it has been brought to London, where it is to be preserved and placed on exhibition at the Natural History Museum. (*Keystone*.)



OF INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER TO KENYA: LAKE ALICE, WHICH LIES ON THE EASTERN SLOPES OF MT. KENYA AND WAS NAMED AFTER HER ROYAL HIGHNESS BY THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF EAST AFRICA.

Lake Alice lies on the eastern slopes of Mount Kenya, beneath the considerable peak of Ithanguni (or Kiroguka). It is 11,150 feet above sea-level and is something less than a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide at its broadest point. The road to it branches off from the main track at the 10,000-foot hut at Uramandi, 22 miles from Chogoria, between Embu and Meru. The route is not

more than 7½ hours' rough walking from Uramandi, to the first Camp at Matonga River. From there the track is across waterless country to the lake, which lies in a hollow. The Mountain Club of East Africa, acting on a suggestion that this lake should be named "Lake Alice," as a wedding-present, asked and received her Royal Highness's permission to give it that name.



WHERE STAGGERED HOLIDAYS DO NOT RESULT IN EMPTY BEACHES : THE THRONGED SHORE AT BLACKPOOL, WHICH HAS BENEFITED FOR MANY YEARS FROM THE SYSTEM OF SPREADING VACATIONS OVER A LONG PERIOD PRACTISED IN THE INDUSTRIAL NORTH.

The question of a large-scale "staggering" of the holidays of people in this country continues to evoke much interest. Extending the holiday period to cover June, September, and October, instead of practically confining it to July and August, would save much traffic and "lodgings" congestion and make for less expense. In this connection, it may be noted that staggered holidays have long been a custom in Lancashire and Yorkshire; and Blackpool has been successful in persuading visitors to choose June and the autumn months, with great benefit to itself. Even so, as our photograph shows, the beaches are packed—indeed, one is driven to wonder what

would happen at Blackpool if this North Country custom of spreading vacations over a wide period were not in favour! The Director of Publicity for Blackpool recently told a "Times" correspondent that "staggered holidays have been a reality at Blackpool for more than a generation, though we do not call the system by that name. The industrial towns of Lancashire and the West Riding have practised the spread-over of their annual holidays ever since the factory system began. Each of those scores of towns carried into modern times its annual saint's day celebration or wakes week." (Photograph by Topical.)

LEAVES FROM A PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCRAP-BOOK: RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



TELEVISION THE FIRST DAY'S PLAY OF THE FINAL TEST MATCH AT THE OVAL:
A TELEVISION AERIAL MOUNTED ON AN EXTENSIBLE LADDER. (Fox.)

Television cameras at open-air events are becoming quite a familiar sight, and the interest they create is evident. For this reason, the B.B.C. decided to transmit television programmes for a record number of hours, varying from six and a half to nine hours each day, during Radiolympia (August 24-September 3). Visitors to the exhibition can watch some of these programmes in production through the large glass walls of the television studio which the Radio Manufacturers' Association has built in the National Hall. Fashion parades organised by the Fashion Group of Great Britain and an inter-schools spelling bee are two of the features to be relayed. For the first time two mobile television units are being used. One is at Olympia to relay the programmes to Alexandra Palace and the other is in use for televising the Test match at the Oval and scenes at the Zoo. Our photographs were taken on August 20 during the first day's play at the Oval.



A TELEVISION CAMERA IN USE AT THE OVAL—THE OPERATOR WEARING HEADPHONES
AND DIRECTING THE LENS ON THE FIELD OF PLAY. (Central Press.)



A COMPETITION FOR AUXILIARY FIRE-SERVICE VOLUNTEERS AT THE WHITE CITY: MEMBERS
OF A TRAILER-PUMP UNIT LAYING OUT HOSE. (Planet.)



WEARING THE NEW AUXILIARY FIRE-SERVICE UNIFORM: THE CREW OF A TENDER
AND TRAILER-PUMP AT THE WHITE CITY. (Topical.)

This year the annual athletic meeting of the London Fire Brigade, held at the White City on August 20, included events in which units of the Auxiliary Fire Service competed against one another. In one event, it was assumed that an incendiary bomb had struck a house during an air raid, and the volunteers had to bring their trailer-pumps into action while dummies were rescued from the "burning" building. An appeal was made for 30,000 volunteers for this branch of A.R.P. work last March and it was announced earlier this month that so far 2812 have enrolled and 3470 have applied for enrolment. Members of the Auxiliary Fire Service in some cases attend fires with the London Fire Brigade in order to gain experience.



A RAILWAY ENGINE OF WOOD: A DEVICE USED TO DRAW THE ATTENTION OF JAPANESE
BOMBERS FROM THE RAILWAY LINE NEAR KIUKIANG. (Planet.)

Above is a dummy railway engine made of wood by the Chinese and used by them to divert the attention of Japanese bombers from the real railway line near Kiukiang during the attack on that city.—Another "curiosity," which has infinitely more value, is shown on the right. It is a gearless and clutchless car controlled only by a foot-pedal and the hand-brake. The apparatus for eliminating the gear-box and clutch is the work of Commendatore Salerni, who called in Professor Frederick Charles Lea as consulting engineer. Professor Lea described this invention in a paper, called "A Torque Converter for Motor-cars," delivered at the British Association's meeting on August 22. The torque converter can be fitted to any car and the driver is then able to move off and increase the power by simply pressing the accelerator. A centrifugal pump, driven by the engine, replaces the gear-box and pumps oil to a turbine, containing reaction elements, which transmits power to the driving-shaft.



A GEARLESS CAR—DESCRIBED BY PROFESSOR LEA IN A PAPER HE DELIVERED
AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION'S MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE. (Wide World.)

A NEW SHRINE OF NEO-HELLENIC ART.

TREASURES OF THE BENAKI MUSEUM AT ATHENS, SHOWING HOW THE HOMERIC TRADITION OF CRAFTSMANSHIP IN JEWELLERY, ORNAMENT AND EMBROIDERY HAS BEEN PRESERVED IN GREECE THROUGH THE AGES.

By GIULIO JACOPI, of the Royal University of Rome, Director of the Italian Archaeological Mission in Anatolia. (See Illustrations on the succeeding double page.)

IN Homer's immortal verse, one of the most vivid features is the poet's ingenuous pleasure in describing the dresses, embroideries and ornaments of his women, human and divine, and minute details of the costumes worn by his heroes. We read of Aphrodite going to keep her tryst with Anchises with her breast scintillating with jewels rivalling the silver rays of the moon; of the embroidered *peploi* of Hera and Athene; of the necklaces with which Andromache adorned herself; of the industrious looms of the Phæacian women, the most skilful embroiderers in the ancient world, or those of Circe, Calypso and the maidens of Ithaca; of the golden distaff dipped in purple wool, of perfumed chests filled to overflowing with garments woven from many-coloured yarns by Helen of Argos. Homer will interrupt the epic story of a sanguinary duel, or the tragic announcement of events involving the fate of Troy, in order to observe calmly some minute detail of carving or sculptured relief in that toreutic world which we believed was a figment of his imagination and had perished with him.

In reality, Homer invented nothing; nor did Euripides, when in his "Ion" he extols the magnificent embroidery which adorned the walls of the Delphic sanctuary. The highly refined care of the person is an ancient and deep-seated tradition among the people of Hellas. Anyone who believed this tradition had been lost, would be mistaken. On the contrary, with the passage of the centuries it has been enriched and multiplied by the influx of many and varied impulses, and ever new inspirations.

And Athens, having regained its dignity as the capital of the nation, could not fail in our time to possess a temple of arts, to collect and perpetuate these thousand-year-old manifestations of the multi-form genius of the Greek race. Such a temple has been provided by an enlightened benefactor, Antonio Benaki, a native of Alexandria, but of Ionic blood, with æsthetic sensibility and the ardour of a poet. The Museum which he founded to-day rises in Athens for the delight of the whole world and the glory of its people. A cornucopia of Hellenism, as it were, it contains in magical profusion, in a setting of pomp and

adhes, many-hued, in overflowing exuberance. Crete has supplied vigorous designs, into which seem to be woven and transfused the spirit of the colours in Minoan frescoes. Skyros is represented by scaly monsters, flowers, stylised boats, flocks of satin birds and shoals of flashing

tapestries are miniature-like embroideries in silk and gold on small cloths from Epirus: cypresses, lyres, stylised floral designs, all overflowing with colour. Here we have products of the Spor-

Anaphi, with double-headed eagles; Milos, and Thera; and Naxos, with its crystallisations of beautiful garnet red.

Let us now enter the gallery reserved for costumes. Here again is a riot of colour, an endless profusion of shapes and fashions: mantles of Janina in crimson velvet almost entirely covered with gold, overlaid on brocade; albs covered with an endless variety of embroidery representing cypresses, flowers and birds; *chitons* (cloaks), of Thessalian crocus colour with polychromatic embroideries; sleeves of Corinthian dresses in shades of yellow, dark reds, and turquoise blues as soft as honey, worthy to cover the soft limbs of Lais; purple *chitons* from Thasos, embroidered with golden flowers, inspired perhaps by Polygnottus; delicate veils from Skyros, the complete expression of Ionian softness; rough garments from Macedonia, dominated by a helmet-like hood of the warlike Alexandrian tradition; barbaric aprons from Thrace; dark pelisses of Saracatzan nomads worked with double-headed eagles in silver; aprons from Thessaly, with fine silken embroidery in patterns of vine branches and spirals. All varieties of the silken and golden needlework of the sumptuous Attic shirt are spread before our eyes in examples from Thebes, Tanagra, Delphi and Corinth. And side by side with them are golden brocades from Nios, Andros, and Samos; purple Cretan garments; veils from Salamis and Megara, interwoven with gold; white fustanellas, like those worn by Lord Byron and other heroes of the Greek War of Independence.

And dominating all this is an unprecedented profusion of jewels, in which predominates, in all its complicated forms, the Byzantine double-headed eagle, an absolute obsession with Greek women. A popular song runs, "Open my heart, in it you will find a double-headed eagle." This Imperial symbol of ancient Oriental origin found its way into the Mediterranean world *via* Mycenæ, and spread thence to Byzantium and through the Balkans into distant Russia.

The Benaki collection of jewels is unique of its kind. It comprises diadems and pendants from Epirus, incrusting with turquoises and cornelians in Byzantine style; nuptial crowns from Eubœa; Macedonian breast pendants in the form of "commas" with enamels and filigree-work enclosing miniature pictures of the Virgin and the Saints; women's girdles from Epirus, of enormous size, more like cuirasses; buckles and clasps of the Saracatzan nomads consisting of a double hemisphere dominated by the double-headed eagle in silver; belts from Thessaly with plaques delicately enamelled with flowers; Macedonian earrings with minute classical filigree; slender and richly decorated pendants for the ears and breast, open-work necklaces in filigree incrusting with gems, enamelled with jade and mother-of-pearl from the Cyclades and Sporades; breast-plates of pearls, buckles and pins for Attic garments; Bithynian jewels, incrusting with coral on a background of emerald enamel; and bracelets from Attica and Pontus.

In a word, this Museum contains the most outstanding variety of specimens imaginable, in which the influences

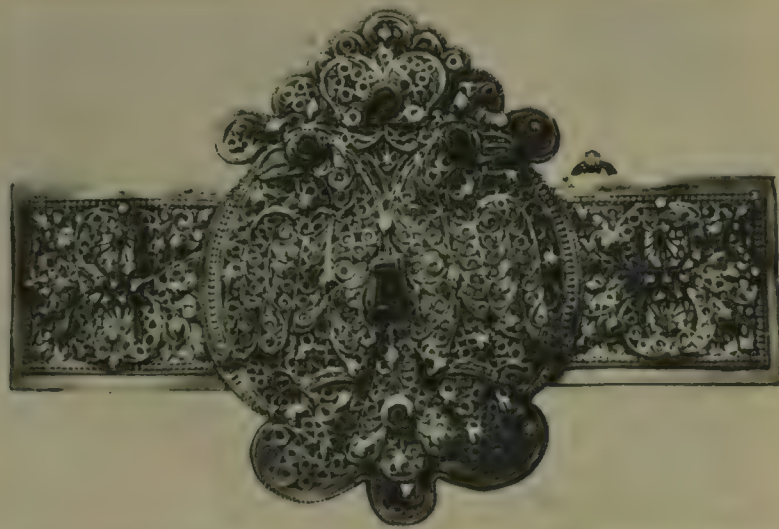


DATING FROM THE TIME OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT: A MACEDONIAN NECKLET OF ALEXANDRIAN ORIGIN IN THE BENAKI MUSEUM AT ATHENS.

fishes. And here is Lesbos, with its purple backgrounds dotted with variegated miniature figures; Corinth, with an infinite geometrical variety; the Ionian islands, with stratifications and super-imposings, recalling the ancient dance of the Cyclades; Amorgos, with its system of stylised leaves;



MACEDONIAN NECKLACES OF GOLD AND ENAMEL: (UPPER) ONE CONTAINING, IN THE CENTRE, THE BYZANTINE TWO-HEADED EAGLE; (LOWER) AN EXAMPLE FROM THE MINOAN AGE.



A MACEDONIAN BELT ORNAMENT IN FILIGREE AND ENAMEL: A RARE AND BEAUTIFUL PIECE LIKEWISE INCLUDING THE TRADITIONAL BYZANTINE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE.

luxury, the treasures of popular neo-Hellenic art; hitherto almost unknown to the classicists who in Greece have admired only the inanimate skeleton of antiquity, the sparse marble vestiges—without penetrating the hidden spirit, transmitted with uninterrupted rhythm for three thousand years.

It is not my task, nor would it be possible here, to analyse minutely the contents of the Benaki Museum, the first and richest of its kind in the world. I must therefore confine myself to a few impressions. The gallery containing the embroideries is an encyclopædia of colour, bound in large albums which enclose the most perfect and inimitable products.

Janina provides a series of loosely-woven pictures, fantastic in their asymmetry, with a veritable explosion of colours. It seems as though the land of the murky rivers of the underworld, Acheron, Cocytus and fiery Phlegethon, had desired to affirm, by contrast, its irrepressible joy of life. The imagination of its women has depicted forms and figures which drift hither and thither in wild confusion: women, horsemen, processions, double-headed eagles, harpies, sirens, tulips, geraniums, hyacinths, vases of flowers; life in all its profusion interwoven with a happy, carefree serenity. Side by side with the



FABRIC SUCH AS BYRON SAW ON A NOTABLE OCCASION DURING THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE: EMBROIDERY OF THE MOST VALUABLE TYPE IN GREECE.

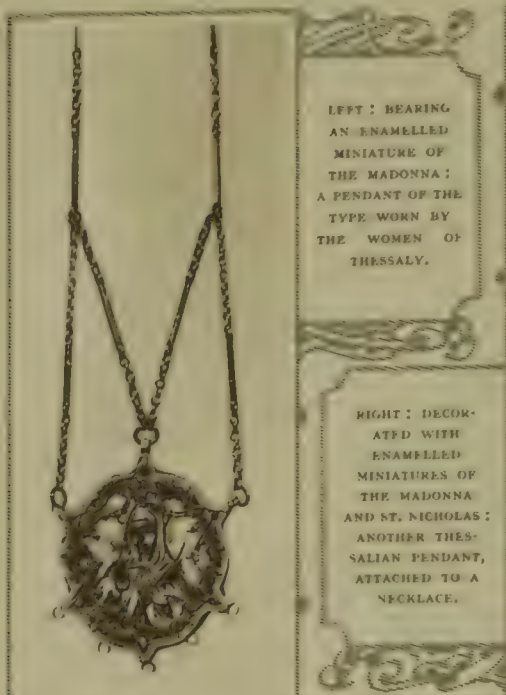
In a note on this photograph, Signor Jacopi states: "Ali Pasha, the famous tyrant of Janina, when he received Lord Byron, sat on embroidery similar to this example, wearing a cuirass scintillating with diamonds, and pulling to pieces with his jewelled hands a pearl necklace. These embroideries are the most valuable in Greece, on account of their marvellous colouring. Note the peacocks and the imperial double-headed eagles of Byzantine tradition."

of centuries of art and history merge into one, where materials, forms and techniques elaborated during three thousand years from all the seaboard peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean converge, and the artistic impulses of three continents meet on common ground.

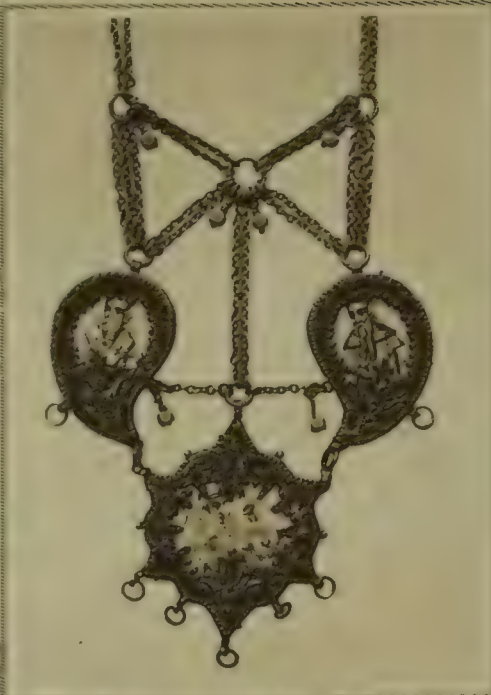
Under the spell of their deep interest I have dwelt at length on these expressions of popular neo-Hellenic art, which form the chief nucleus of the collection; but in the Benaki Museum they are shown side by side with many others; for the Museum is now engaged in collecting and arranging a tremendous amount of material consisting of pottery, ikons, wood-carvings and sculptures, glass and fabrics. I would mention, for example, the Arabian, Persian, Chinese and Coptic collections, and specimens of the work of the Alexandrian goldsmiths. Ancient curios of untold value have been selected with rare taste and competency. The arrangement of the exhibits is admirable, and the Museum is equipped with methods of protection and valuation of the most up-to-date type. All this is the work of the Director, M. Macridi (already the indefatigable organiser of the collections in the Constantinople Museum). The result is a wonderful sanctuary of art, which is to-day accessible to every student and art-lover.

NEO-HELLENIC ART IN MANIFOLD FORMS MASTERPIECES OF CRAFTSMANSHIP FROM A GREAT

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR GIULIO JACOPI, OF THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF ROME.



LEFT: BEARING AN ENAMELLED MINIATURE OF THE MADONNA: A PENDANT OF THE TYPE WORN BY THE WOMEN OF THESSALY.



RIGHT: DECORATED WITH ENAMELLED MINIATURES OF THE MADONNA AND ST. NICHOLAS: ANOTHER THESSALIAN PENDANT, ATTACHED TO A NECKLACE.



LEFT: FROM ITHACA, THE ISLE OF ODYSSEUS AND PENELOPE: A CARVED WOOD DISTAFF WITH FIGURES OF WOMEN MOURNERS RECALLING MINOAN STATUETTES.



RIGHT: FROM CEPHALONIA, ONCE THE HOME OF ODYSSEUS'S SISTER, CTIMENE: A CARVED WOOD DISTAFF, WITH ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, AND A CARYATID.



A BALDRIC OF THE TYPE WORN BY THE SULIOTS OF EPIRUS, MOUNTAINEERS WHO SHOWED HOSPITALITY TO BYRON: (IN CENTRE) ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON; (TERMINALS) BYZANTINE TWO-HEADED EAGLES.



SHOWING ANALOGIES TO MINOAN ART: A NECKLACE OF BLUE ENAMEL, SILVER FILIGREE, AND CORNELIAN INCRUSTATIONS, FROM SKYROS—WORTHY OF DEIDAMEIA, BELOVED OF ACHILLES IN THAT ISLAND.



A SHEPHERD'S CROOK HANDLE FROM DELPHI, ON MT. PARNASSUS: THE DESIGN RECALLING THE MYTH OF JASON SWALLOWED, AND REGURGITATED, BY A MONSTER.



SKYROS EMBROIDERY, OF SIRENS, SPHINXES, AND POMEGRANATES: WORK SAID TO RESEMBLE THAT OF A SKYREAN SLAVE TAKEN TO TROY BY PATROCLUS.



INSCRIBED "KING OF KINGS AND GREAT HIGH PRIEST": AN AGATE MEDALLION REPRESENTING CHRIST.

On these two pages we illustrate some of the most outstanding examples of Neo-Hellenic art from the immense collection which, as described by Professor Jacopi in his article on the preceding page, has now been assembled at Athens in a new museum specially founded for the purpose by M. Antonio Benaki. Both in his article and in the descriptions of the photographs, Professor Jacopi has sought to trace the connection between Greek art and

craftsmanship of later times and that of the earliest ages, in the time of Homer and the Minoan period in Crete, and has emphasised the continuity of spirit as well as of decorative design, which has persisted through some three thousand years. Certainly his illustrations amply support the contention that the more modern phases of the Greek genius, as expressed in the art of the goldsmith and the embroiderer, the painter and the metal-

MAINTAINING ANCIENT HOMERIC AND MINOAN TRADITIONS. COLLECTION NEWLY HOUSED AT ATHENS IN THE BENAKI MUSEUM.

DIRECTOR OF THE ITALIAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL MISSION TO ANATOLIA. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE PRECEDING PAGE.)



A FEMININE ORNAMENT FROM EPIRUS, WHERE BYRON (AS HE RECORDS IN "CHILDE HAROLD") FOUND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN HE HAD SEEN: A DIADEM OF GREAT RARITY.



EMBROIDERED IN GOLD WITH TWO-HEADED BYZANTINE EAGLES: A COAT FROM EPIRUS OF THE TYPE WORN BY BASILIKI ("THE SECOND APHRODITE"), THE GREEK GIRL FAVOURITE OF ALI PASHA, IN BYRON'S TIME.



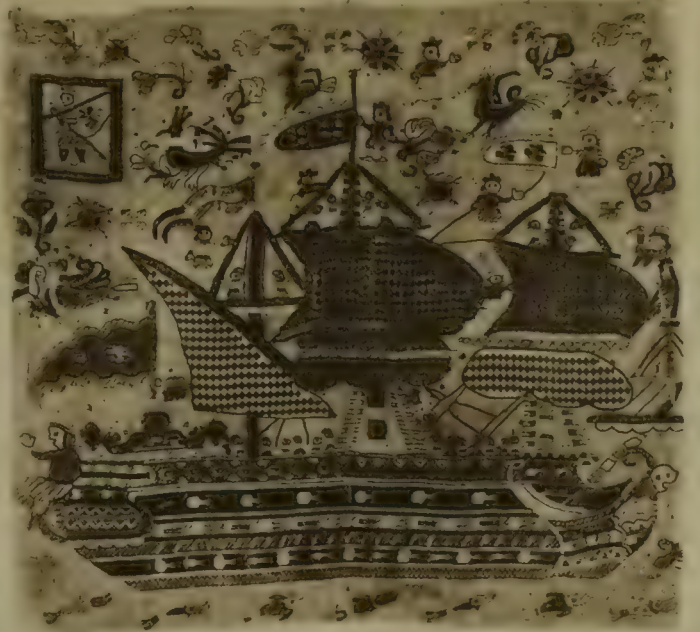
LEFT: ENCRUSTED WITH RED, WHITE AND GREEN STONES REPRESENTING THE BYZANTINE COLOURS: MACEDONIAN EAR-RINGS OF THE IMPERIAL BYZANTINE TYPE.



RIGHT: PART OF A TRIPTYCH DESCRIBED AS THAT OF ZOE, CONSTANTINE MONOMACHUS, AND THEODORA: ITS ONLY DECORATED PANEL.



LEFT: AN IVORY TRIPTYCH WITH EMERALD PENDANTS: (CENTRE) AUGUSTA ZOE (EMPRESS, 1028-1055); (LEFT) HER THIRD HUSBAND, CONSTANTINE MONOMACHUS (EMPEROR, 1042-1055); (RIGHT) AUGUSTA THEODORA, SISTER OF ZOE (EMPRESS, 1055-1056).



EMBROIDERY FROM SKYROS—WHERE ACHILLES SEWED IN FEMININE DISGUISE: WORK PORTRAYING A WARSHIP UNFAMILIAR TO RUPERT BROOKE (BURIED IN THAT ISLAND DURING THE WAR).



WITH AN INTRICATE FLORAL DESIGN, INCLUDING ALSO PEACOCKS AND OTHER CREATURES: A PRECIOUS EXAMPLE OF EMBROIDERY FROM JANINA, WHOSE WOMEN EXCELLED ALL OTHERS IN GREECE IN THAT ART.



RIGHT: ST. DEMETRIUS, THE SOLDIER SAINT, PROTECTOR OF SALONICA: A PICTURE DATED 1672, AND SIGNED BY EMANUELE ZANE, A PRIEST FAMOUS AS A PAINTER IN THE MIDDLE BYZANTINE PERIOD.

worker, are not unworthy of the immortal past. The Benaki Museum, with its profusion of Neo-Hellenic treasures, will henceforth assuredly command the attention of every cultured visitor to Athens, no less than do the wonders of sculpture and architecture belonging to the golden age of Greek antiquity. Regarding the allusion to Ali Pasha, of Janina, under the photograph (third from left in the second row) showing an Epirote coat, we

may point out that his interview with Byron is mentioned under an illustration on the preceding page. A note on the above photograph (extreme right, second row) showing Janina embroidery, says: "Tradition relates that the women of Janina sharpened their needles on the walls of the Church of the Consolatrice at Arta, and thus acquired wonderful skill in embroidery, an art in which they excelled all the other women of Greece."

MALTA: THE HISTORIC ISLAND—BRITAIN'S MEDITERRANEAN

NAVAL BASE—RECENTLY GRANTED A NEW CONSTITUTION.



AT THE GATEWAY TO MALTA: THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE" PASSING THE BREAKWATER ON HER WAY TO VALLETTA—(IN CENTRE BACKGROUND) MASSAMUSCETTO HARBOUR, WHICH LEADS TO NUMEROUS CREEKS.



SHOWING FORT ST. ANGELO (TERMINATING THE PENINSULA ON THE RIGHT), ORIGINALLY BUILT BY THE MOORS IN 570 A.D. AND THE OLDEST PART OF THE ISLAND'S DEFENCES: AN AIR VIEW OF L'ISOLA CREEK (CENTRE).



SHOWING THE SERVICE PLAYING-FIELDS AS TWO WHITE SQUARES ON MANOEL ISLAND, BETWEEN SLIEMA AND LAZARETTO CREEKS: AN AIR VIEW OF MASSAMUSCETTO HARBOUR, ONE OF VALLETTA'S FINE NATURAL HARBOURS.



VALLETTA (BACKGROUND) AND THE GRAND HARBOUR ENTRANCE (RIGHT): A VIEW SHOWING (L. TO R.) H.M.S. "HOOD", THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORIOUS" (ABOVE THE NAVAL HOSPITAL), AND THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE."



THE CAPITAL OF MALTA: VALLETTA (LEFT BACKGROUND) WITH FORT ST. ELMO AND THE GRAND HARBOUR ENTRANCE; AND (OPPOSITE) THE HIGH NAVAL HOSPITAL (EXTREME RIGHT).



THE GRAND HARBOUR: A VIEW SHOWING (RIGHT) PART OF VALLETTA AND ITS SUBURB, FLORIANA; (LEFT FOREGROUND) FORT RICASOLI; (CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE FLOATING DOCK.



KNOWN AS "SNOBS' CORNER": THE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT OF TA XBIEL LINING LAZARETTO CREEK (LEFT) WITH AGRICULTURAL TERRACES (RIGHT) AND THE EMPIRE STADIUM (FOREGROUND).



MANOEL ISLAND AND THE PLAYING-FIELDS FROM THE OTHER SIDE: (IN FOREGROUND) THE POPULAR SUBURB OF SLIEMA, WITH NEW BLOCKS OF FLATS FOR SERVICE FAMILIES, AND SLIEMA CREEK BEYOND.

MALTA has been much in the news within recent months. The Italian naval visit—the first since 1926—was illustrated in our issue of July 2. It was regarded as a welcome sign of improved relations with Italy. Besides the two battleships shown above in our panoramic view, the Italian visiting squadron included four destroyers. A varied programme of entertainment for the officers and men was greatly appreciated. On July 29 a new Constitution for Malta was announced in the House of Commons by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. He said that it was not considered possible at present to grant responsible government, but that the new Constitution would provide a Legislature, called the Council of Government, and the people would be associated with the administration through elected representatives. The Governor would preside over the Council and have certain overriding powers and a casting vote. The procedure is to be similar to that of other Commonwealth islands.



THE GRAND HARBOUR AT MALTA DURING THE RECENT ITALIAN NAVAL VISIT, SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE BRITISH CRUISERS "LONDON" AND "SUSSEX" AND THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORIOUS" (IN FLOATING DOCK).



BRITISH BATTLESHIP "WARSPITE," THE ITALIAN BATTLESHIPS "GIULIO CESARE" AND "CONTE DI CAVOUR" (BEYOND), AND "SUSSEX" AND THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORIOUS" (IN FLOATING DOCK).

constitutions elsewhere in the Empire. On July 29 it was also announced that Mr. John Adams Hunter, of the Malayan Colonial Service, had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, in succession to Sir Harry Luke, who becomes Governor of Fiji. The present Governor of Malta is Lieut.-General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, who since February 1936 has ably handled a difficult political situation. In that year the former Constitution, suspended since 1933, was revoked. Until the recent announcement, Malta had been under Crown Colony government for nearly five years. A few days ago it was stated that the British Council for International Relations had agreed to endow a chair of archaeology at Malta Royal University, and to open a British Institute of Culture in Valletta, to be conducted by the professor appointed, to combine knowledge of current British culture with appreciation of the unique prehistoric remains in the Maltese Islands.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

PLAYS AND PROBLEMS.

IN the note on his play about "Geneva," which Mr. Shaw contributed to the Malvern Festival Book, G. B. S. complained of the critical demand that he should end his discussion-dramas with a solution. He is extracting the comedy and tragedy, he explains, from a highly complicated situation whose Gordian knots are not to be severed by a George-Bernardian phrase. Agreed. Nobody in his senses asks of the problem-dramatist, especially when he is tackling the whole question of human nature in politics, that he should solve his problems as decisively as the author of a detective-story produces his solution. But, after all, if you set up in business as a light-and-leading man, you have got to do a bit of leading in order to let in the light.

We do not ask dramatists for quick, definitive answers, but we can surely ask them for sign-posts that will put us on our way. There is something vexatious about a discussion which gets nowhere. That, in real life, is the fate of most discussions: they go round and round, amusingly, perhaps, but without result. But on the stage, where the discussion, or the dramatic conflict of minds and wills, is arranged and conducted by a dramatist, it is surely true that the conductor ought to bring us to some species of conclusion. We may not—we probably shall not—agree with it; but we shall have found a point for consideration, a bone to worry. After the play, most people do like to go home and worry their bones. There ought to be somewhere in a piece of the discussion or problem type a good, hard, and, so to speak, "worry-able" bone.

now than they were. We have a long way to go. But during the twentieth century, we have, as political animals and by political methods, cleared away a great deal of bestiality and brutality which was tolerated, and even regarded as inevitable, in the England of Charles Dickens.

In another Malvern play of this year's unusually interesting festival, Mr. James Bridie handled the topic of human greed. In "The Last Trump," Mr. Buchlivie, the Scottish capitalist, who wished to industrialise the Highlands, appeared as a problem in his own person. His future daughter-in-law called him a "stupid, greedy, blundering

Might they not sit with books in their laps and read the speeches out? Might not we stay at home and read them for ourselves, a course both cheaper and more comfortable! That is a fair criticism, I think, of the pure discussion-drama as presented in the last act of Mr. Shaw's "Geneva," when the players sit about and talk for an hour and a half with the minimum of action.

Mr. Bridie is much more of a dramatist (in the accepted sense) than Mr. Shaw. He has the same intellectual appetite, the same darting penetration, and he likes to play with a problem. But he also likes (or likes watching) human beings.

His characters are grand talkers, but they keep within the bounds of realism. They are bits of humanity, and not just projections of Bridie. When this dramatist raises a problem he does so not on the lecturer's dais, but on the comedian's stage, and he uses the warmth of the theatre to kindle our affection for his subject and our curiosity about the proper answer. At Malvern, furthermore, he had in Mr. Frank Pettingell exactly the right actor to be the fan and bellows of that flame.

Mr. Priestley is another dramatist who uses the theatre to give colour and liveliness to an issue: thus he stimulates the listener and provokes the audience to make its own answers to the problems involved—if answers there can be—instead of providing them ready-made. In his Malvern play, "Music at Night," he raised enough questions to keep an army of answerers busy. But he did not propound them directly: what he did was to insinuate the problems into our consciousness; he did not say, "Listen to me, you silly, sheepish people. I can lead you. I can put you straight." He solicited our attention for an old man talking about fear and pain—i.e., the problem of bodily decline, which we all have at some time to face. He also



BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE JOLLY ROGER IN "THE FLEET'S LIT UP": THE DICTATORIAL RANEE OF ZABALON (ADÈLE DIXON; CENTRE) TRANSFORMED INTO MARY READ, THE WOMAN PIRATE, IN A "DREAM OF 1738"; WITH RALPH READER ON HER RIGHT.

beast-of-prey!" He could retort: "My work? Who does any better work? Do you do any better? Do all your artists and scientists do any better? They're only too pleased to do their bit for me if I chuck them something out of my petty cash. I'm the one who moves human beings about. I buy the best of their work and the best of their minds!" Mr. Bridie did not produce a solution of the conflict between the conservative old chieftain who wanted his dear mountains and rivers left alone, and the radical capitalist (I do not use the adjective in a party sense) who wanted, through science, to extract from the primeval waste its natural power and use it to make wealth—of a kind.

That issue, the tussle between rural development, which may be coarse and ugly, and a refusal of change, which may be economically wasteful, drive population away to the towns, and keep what country people remain in bitter poverty, is ubiquitous. Every nation is having to face it. In Great Britain the problem is especially acute, because our space is limited and we have so little wild and empty country left. Mr. Bridie did not give a definite answer. But he did clear the issue and put it graphically and amusingly before us. That is the dramatist's function when he applies himself to something more than rib-tickling or romantic story-telling. If he raises problems, he need not answer, in any final way, his own dilemmas. But he must state them in terms of theatrical effect, so that we can appreciate their point, apprehend their significance, and profit by his way of putting both sides of a question.

Why work for the theatre if you merely intend to read a lecture? Mr. Shaw, in his later phases, has been impenitently a lecturer. I do not see why the characters in several of his recent plays should bother to learn their parts. They have no real theatrical depth or vitality. They take part in no action. They are projections of Shavian ideas, mouthpieces of his political banter, instruction, or invective.



IN KENSINGTON GARDENS: FRANCES DAY AS A SINGULARLY SOPHISTICATED NURSEMAID MAKING FRIENDS WITH A HORSE.

As Polly Brown in "The Fleet's Lit Up," Miss Day has the part of her life and takes the fullest advantage of it. She is excellent.



"THE FLEET'S LIT UP," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: STANLEY LUPINO AS A WOULD-BE NAVAL OFFICER, WITH HIS CRAFT, BESIDE THE ROUND POND, KENSINGTON GARDENS.

"The Fleet's Lit Up" is a highly successful "musical frolic"; with Stanley Lupino, as Horatio Roper, the would-be naval officer. Roper becomes involved in sailing the good ship "Seahorse" back to the island of Zabalon, where he is made Admiral of the Fleet by the Ranee and Dictator of Zabalon.

Photographs by Baron.

Indeed, I think Mr. Shaw has given us one when he announces in "Geneva" that man has failed as a political animal. How far is that brief and damning judgment accurate? It is certainly true that man has sadly failed to behave himself as a world-citizen and to organise a cosmic society: his nationalism and racialism may be the death of us all and the ruin of all our heritage. But, within the State, he is surely behaving a good deal better than he used to do. Would you rather be a poor English citizen of 1838 than of 1938? Of course not. The standards of health and of living, the hours and conditions of labour, the distribution of education and amusement are infinitely better

asked us to consider the case of a gossip-writing cad whose real self was essentially better than the vulgar, pushing, prosperous life he had to lead. Many other kinds of existence and their difficulties he called us to consider, that we might temper judgment with mercy. His play solved nothing. Why should it? Music is not an expository or didactic art. Nor is drama. But music may incline you to fuller understanding of things in general. So may a play of this order, whose object, I take it, is, by impact on the imagination, to quicken comprehension and widen sympathy.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS: NEW THINGS BY AIR, SEA AND LAND.



THE LAUNCH OF A "QUEEN BEE" WIRELESS-CONTROLLED TARGET-PLANE DEMONSTRATED TO M.P.'S AT WATCHET: INSPECTING THE MACHINE ON THE CATAPULT.
In our last issue we illustrated the salvage of a "Queen Bee" target seaplane, pilotless and controlled by wireless from a surface vessel, after it had been brought down into the sea by naval anti-aircraft gunfire. In that instance the "Queen Bee" had been launched by catapult from the deck of a warship. On the occasion illustrated here—a recent demonstration to a party of Members of Parliament and local Mayors at Watchet, on the coast of Somerset—the machine



A MOMENT AFTER THE LAUNCH: THE "QUEEN BEE" SEAPLANE SHOT INTO THE AIR BY THE CATAPULT FOR ITS FLIGHT WITHOUT A PILOT.

was launched from a catapult erected on the shore, at the Territorial camp where the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division was in training. The demonstration was organised by the Territorial Army Public Interest Committee. The photographs show phases of the operation before and immediately after the launch. By wireless control the seaplane can be made to perform almost all the manoeuvres of a piloted machine. (Photographs by Associated Press.)



DEEPENING THE CLYDE FOR THE COMING LAUNCH OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": DREDGERS IN THE RIVER NEAR THE NEW GIANT LINER (SEEN BEYOND).

In preparation for the launch of the new Cunard White Star liner "Queen Elizabeth" by her Majesty the Queen, in the King's presence, on September 27, dredgers have for some time past been deepening the channel of the Clyde opposite the shipyard. It was stated on August 12 that the Clyde Trustees had spent £70,000 on the widening and deepening operations. The new liner will be a larger "companion" of the "Queen Mary" and different in several respects, having, for example, two funnels instead of three, and fourteen decks as against twelve. She will carry some 2400 passengers, compared with her predecessor's 2000. (Topical.)



A NEW WEAPON DESIGNED FOR POLICE USE AGAINST RIOTERS: A TEAR-GAS GUN AS DEMONSTRATED RECENTLY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The use of tear-gas for dispersing pickets during a Chicago strike was illustrated in our issue of August 13. A note on the above photograph states: "Many novel devices for police protection and gun equipment are shown at the annual conference of Police Chiefs at Detroit. The new tear-gas and nauseating-gas gun, firing 18 'shots' in quick succession, projects enough gas to cover a city block." (Wide World.)



A.R.P. TRAINING IN A RAILWAY CAR ADAPTED FOR THE PURPOSE: REMOVING ANTI-GAS CLOTHES AFTER LEAVING A GAS-CHAMBER.

An explanatory note on these photographs states: "A railway coach, originally used as a first-class dining-car, has just been converted into an Air Raid Precautions Mobile unit for the training of the L.N.E.R. staff. It was on view for the first time recently at King's Cross station." The



WHERE FORMERLY PASSENGERS SAT AT MEAT: A LECTURE ON GAS-MASKS IN AN L.N.E.R. DINING-CAR CONVERTED FOR A.R.P. USES.

left-hand illustration shows the removal of special anti-gas clothing after the wearer has emerged from a gas-filled chamber. In the other a lecturer is seen demonstrating the component parts of a gas-mask with the aid of a diagram on the wall. (Fox Photos.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A HIGHLY INDIVIDUAL COLLECTION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

as Leonardo da Vinci expressed it, "the intention of his soul."

I mentioned a fortnight ago the extraordinary variety and range of the Von der Heydt collection, and these four illustrations are additional proof both of that variety and of its quality. A great number of pieces, especially those from the East, were acquired before the West had finally decided that such things were not curiosities, but works of art. A good example

is the Khmer head of Fig. 3, which is sensitive enough even in the photograph, but immeasurably finer when it is seen as it stands in the house, backed by a seventeenth-century tapestry, and with the light of late afternoon falling across it from a high window. It is in such surroundings that one begins to realise how difficult is the task of the average museum director;

point about it is its magnificent line, its extreme simplification, and, if I may say so, its superb cattishness.

Egyptian art has been so long recognised as important that everyone accepts it as such and does not classify it merely as a series of ethnographical specimens, but we still ignore the carvings made by more primitive peoples; because it is Egyptian we think this cat is marvellous; because something equally vigorous—a ritual mask, for example—comes from the Belgian Congo, it must therefore be barbarous and fit only for the crowded ethnographical cases of the British Museum. One of the several virtues of this collection is the way in which African and European sculpture—and North American and Peruvian and Chinese and Indian—can all be seen, not labelled in glass cases, but as units in the decoration of a house.

Their purely ethnographical interest is there for anyone who makes that his particular study, but

their place in the rooms is determined by their quality as works of art—and that they are works of art of outstanding vigour is proved by the fact that one feels no dissonance between them and more sophisticated sculpture, but only a difference of accent. In this respect we have shown ourselves rather behind cultivated opinion on the Continent; we do not yet accept these admittedly barbarous carvings for what they are. On the other hand, our painters and sculptors (with one or two exceptions) have not yet decided that negro sculpture is the only thing that can really inspire a modern European, and have thus so far saved themselves a good deal of tiresome experiment: one can't penetrate the primitive black mind, and it seems a waste of time to imitate its plastic manifestations.

SAINTS in an agony of saccharine grief are such common objects of commercial piety, and are to be seen in their thousands so frequently throughout the length and breadth of Europe, that a visitor from Mars might be justified in believing that the whole population was incapable of the finer feelings or of the most ordinary sincerity. He could obtain a similar impression by turning on the wireless; he would probably hear the voice of a treacle-throated crooner sighing nasally for lost love. On the other hand, he might find himself listening to the noble first movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, as happened to me recently, and he might, in his wanderings, be confronted with that Symphony's perfect complement in sculpture, the noble, grief-stricken carving of Fig. 1. He would then be able to revise his previous low opinion of the human race; he might even go further and decide that, on account of these two expressions of emotion, the one musical, the other plastic, man need no longer be considered a faintly disgusting insect, but a being worthy to walk with gods.

This is one of two mourning figures, the Virgin and St. John, which once stood on either side of a crucifix (this being now lost); they are French, and of the twelfth century, and are to be seen in the National Museum at Stockholm. From this dim century to the nineteenth is a long journey—almost as far in time as is the journey from robust carving to the delicate tones of pastel in technique—yet in the Degas of Fig. 2 it is not, I think, entirely fanciful to recognise something of the refinement and reticence which is so powerful and impressive a quality in this early sculpture. Motive, method, intention, medium are entirely different: a divine grief gives way to the dreamy thoughtfulness of a single humble individual



1. A FRENCH FEMININE TYPE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY—ORIGINALLY FROM A CRUCIFIX GROUP: A FIGURE OF THE MOURNING VIRGIN WHICH IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS RESTRAINED INTENSITY.

(Height: 120 cm.) This figure, which has been lent to the Stockholm National Museum by Baron von der Heydt (in whose collection all the works illustrated on this page are included), is carved in wood and painted.



2. A FRENCH FEMININE TYPE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A FINE DEGAS PASTEL.

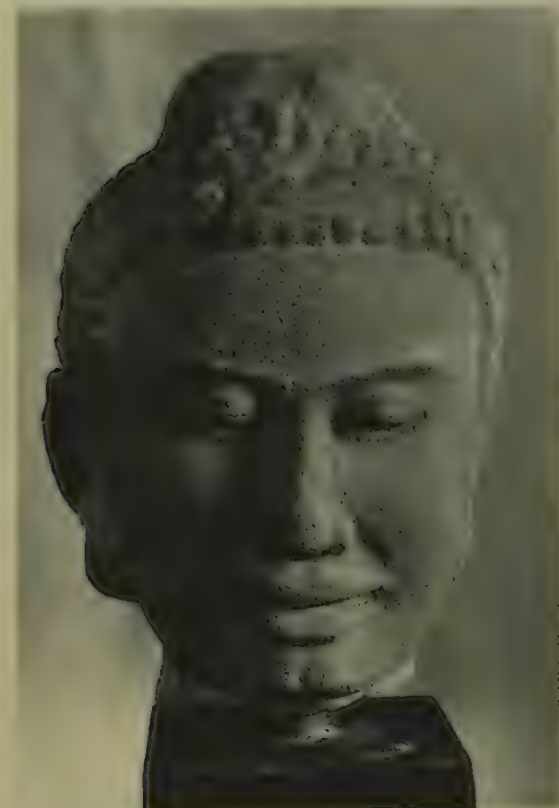
with a dead-weight of tradition behind him which demands glass cases—the very things which make even the finest work without form and void.

Khmer and the later Siamese sculptures vary enormously in quality—they can be definitely clumsy—a fact which some of those who profess to admire them seem unwilling to admit—but this sort of head speaks for itself. There is this great difference between it and the religious sculpture of Europe: though it is subtle, its subtlety is very definitely of this world; it is thinking of heaven, no doubt, but it is also thinking of good times enjoyed in the past on earth, and perhaps it is just this engaging earthiness which makes us admire it. I don't know whether this is a heterodox opinion: possibly those downcast eyes and that half-smile will mean something quite different to others, but that is what I feel about it. In any case, there's no denying the beautifully sensitive modelling—the cheeks, for example, and the curve of the chin with its slight cleft, and the delicate fluttering eyelids—and the severe convention which ordains an almost geometrical line dividing nose and forehead merely accentuates these virtues.

Much earlier than any of these—it dates from about 1600 B.C.—is the wooden cat from Egypt, with the mummy of the sacred animal still inside it (Fig. 4). This latter circumstance, though of interest, does not explain the appearance of the creature in this collection—it is there for its purely aesthetic qualities, as a fine piece of sculpture, not as an example of religious belief from the very distant past. The



4. THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GENIUS FOR FORMALISATION: A CARVED WOODEN MUMMY CASE FOR A CAT OF ABOUT 1600 B.C. WHOSE MUMMY IS STILL INSIDE. (50 cm. high.)



3. KHMER SUBTLETY AND SPIRITUALITY: A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF BUDDHA.

existing, not as a symbol in eternity, but as a unit in the present: yet both works, it seems to me, have this in common—they are notable instances of the artist's triumph in depicting not merely man but,

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THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

CONCERNING FESTIVALS, MAINLY ENGLISH.

By FRANCIS TOYE.



NAN MARYSKA, WHO ARRANGED TO SING IN THE PROMENADE CONCERT ON AUGUST 25.
Photograph by Fayer, Vienna.

AS always, the summer months constitute the period devoted to festivals, notably in Germany. Bayreuth, Munich, Salzburg, we know them all, their characteristics, their merits, and their defects. In Italy there is little but the festival opera perform-

ances at Verona, already over, and the Contemporary Music Festival at Venice, still to come; in England the Three Choirs Festival, that hardy annual, will open its doors in some ten days' time.

Some degree of comparison between our English festivals and those on the Continent seems apposite. Generally speaking, the Continental festival, even when strictly recurrent, annually or biennially, retains an element of cosmopolitanism not often noticeable in our English provincial festivals. For instance, I find some difficulty in picturing the offices of English railways in Paris holding out the Leeds Festival as a bait to potential French tourists in the manner favoured by the offices of German and Italian railways with regard to potential English tourists. Bayreuth, I suppose, set the fashion and the tone for these Continental festivals, which are, in fact, of comparatively or wholly recent growth.

The English festival, on the other hand, is in the main a Victorian product. Some of them may have existed earlier, but their most palmy days must unquestionably be placed in the middle and final decades of last century. Judging purely empirically, I should guess that their cosmopolitan reputation was higher then than now. In any account of the careers of composers such as Saint-Saëns, Gounod, Grieg, Tchaikovsky or Dvořák you will be almost certain to find references to some English festival or other. New works were constantly being commissioned for them on a scale not often favoured to-day; the composers were usually in attendance; it was all very grand and impressive.

The reasons for whatever change there may have been are fairly obvious and reflect more credit than discredit on our modern activities. Beyond question, one is economic. England still offers superior financial attractions to foreign artists, but in Victorian times they were not so much superior as unique. England was by far the richest country in the world; the United States were still dormant in a comparatively remote obscurity, incapable of competing as regards the offer of rewards either in money or prestige. After the Franco-Prussian war, Paris had lost its erstwhile hegemony. England, in short, offered the best pay to all the pipers and inevitably called most of the tunes.

Then the wholly different musical conditions prevailing at the time must be borne in mind. Leaving aside the special factor of broadcast music, which now runs in spate from one end of the British

Isles to the other, there is no comparison between conditions then and now. We are so accustomed to whole series of magnificent symphony concerts in London, to first-rate concerts of choral and chamber music, to the "Proms." and to Sunday concerts, that we find difficulty in conjuring up the London of, say, the 'eighties, when serious music was infrequent and irregular.

In the provinces, needless to say, apart from glee clubs and choral societies, it was rarer still, so that the great festivals, such as those of Birmingham and Leeds, shone with a peculiar brilliance. They represented, in fact, the æsthetic summit not only of English

might be done, but in that case it became a matter of relatively small importance as compared with a moral or a charitable object. So a suitably earnest purpose had to be found for the festivals. In other words, the proceeds, if any, had to be devoted to charity.

Now, within reasonable limits, not even the most militant hedonist need cavil at this principle. But surely there are limits? It seems absurd that no money should be earmarked out of the profits to provide a reserve fund to ensure the continued existence of the festival itself. It is difficult to understand why each festival, whether annual or biennial, should be regarded as a wholly isolated event dependent on the goodwill of guarantors whipped up for the occasion. These festivals are not isolated events; they are part of an entity forged by a fine tradition of enthusiasm. This entity should have an income of its own if there is any money available to provide one. Local charity, like the other kind, may cover a multitude of sins! That is no reason why it should grind the face of Music, which, heaven knows, is not over-endowed with worldly goods.

Some people have little use for festivals. I think they are wrong. Of course, the festival idea can be abused. It may encourage attributes of snobbery and folly of the kind only too familiar to the patrons of Salzburg during the past two years. I know perfectly well, too, that there is often an element of commercialism, alike in English and Continental festivals, that cannot be denied. The support of hotel-keepers and local shop-keepers is rarely disinterested; on a higher plane local patriotism, rather than musical enthusiasm, is too frequently the mainspring of endeavour.

Nevertheless, the festival idea possesses a very real value of its own. This may be summarised as precisely the opposite to the values emphasised in my article the other day about popular and routine concerts. From its very nature the festival stands a little apart from everyday life. It is, or should be, devoted to music of some particular kind or performances of outstanding excellence or to a combination of both. People rightly expect to put themselves to some trouble, and usually to some considerable expense, to attend a festival; and since human beings nearly always value a thing in proportion to the effort they make to acquire it, this seems to me advantageous rather than the reverse. Perhaps it is not wholly fanciful to suggest that in the lives of musical people the festival plays much the same part as was played by the pilgrimage in the lives of people during the Middle Ages—a kind of medley of piety, enthusiasm and jollification.



CECILIA WESSELLS, WHO ARRANGED TO SING IN THE PROMENADE CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL LAST NIGHT (AUGUST 26).



FREDERIC LAMOND, WHO ARRANGED TO PLAY THE PIANO-FORTE SOLOS IN THE PROMENADE CONCERT ON AUGUST 25.
Photograph by Hughes.

provincial music, but of all music in England, providing almost the sole, and certainly the best, opportunity for the production of the most important varieties of music.

I need hardly say that modern conditions are, in fact, very much more satisfactory in every way. The Victorian provincial festival was not unlike the Victorian Sunday dinner: it induced, if it did not actually postulate, slumber. On stated occasions the good burgesses of the favoured provincial cities gorged themselves with music three times a day for a week, thenceforward retiring, replete and python-like, to an undisturbed, unmusical sleep for one, two or even three years. Relics of this unlovely practice may be discovered even to-day. Conditions, however, steadily—and fortunately—grow less propitious to it.

There is one survival of Victorianism in the matter of festivals which has often given rise to criticism.



TO CONDUCT AT THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL, WORCESTER, WHICH OPENS ON SEPTEMBER 4: SIR IVOR ATKINS, WHO IS THE ORGANIST AT WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.
Photograph by Russell.



THE SOLO VIOLINIST AT THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL: ALBERT SAMMONS, WHO WILL ALSO PLAY IN THE PROMENADE CONCERT ON SEPTEMBER 2.
B.B.C. Portrait.



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SINGERS AT THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL: MR. HAROLD WILLIAMS, WHO WILL ALSO SING IN THE WAGNER PROMENADE CONCERT ON SEPTEMBER 12. This Wagner Promenade Concert includes Lohengrin's Farewell and Wotan's Farewell.
Photograph by Lassalle.

Our Victorian forbears, it is well known, found considerable difficulty in envisaging any justification for spending money on the arts for their own sake. It

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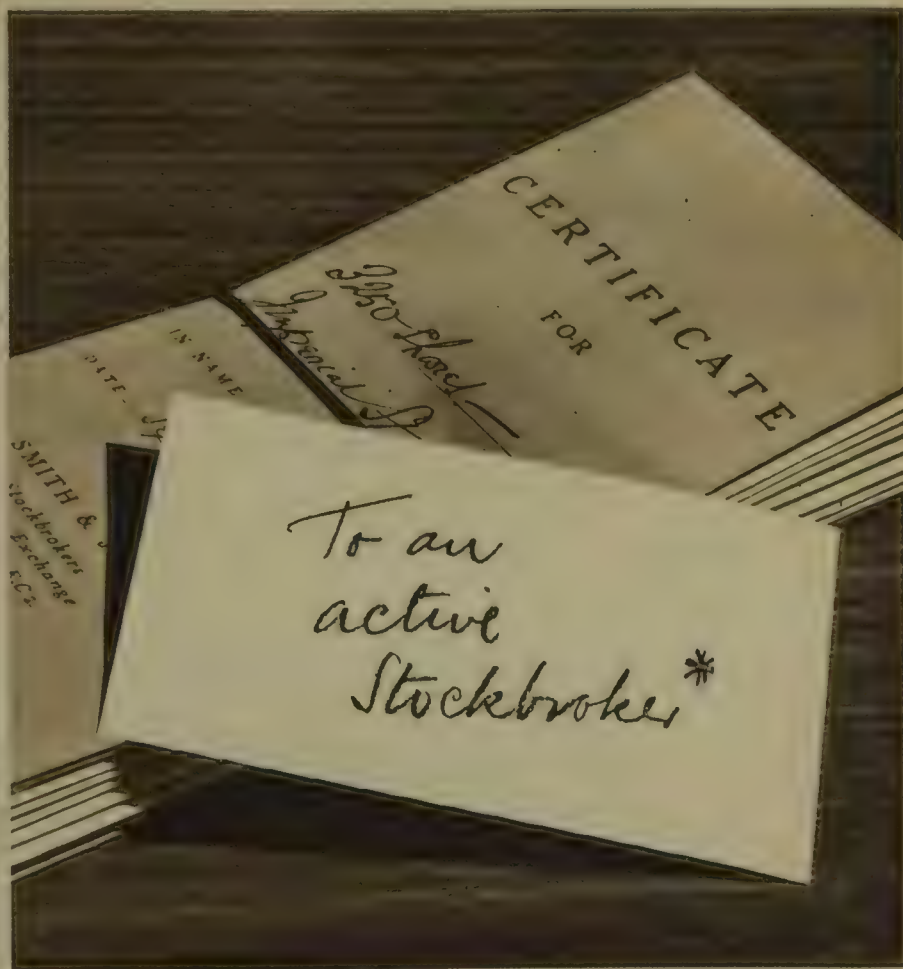
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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

LATE summer is a good time of the year for seeing the Italian lakes, for then the grapes are beginning to ripen, and here and there the vineyards on the hillsides show splashes of purple and gold, the weather is usually very fine, and bathing in the sun-warmed water is particularly enjoyable, whilst the nights have a freshness which acts as a very agreeable tonic after the heat of the day.

The beauty of the lakes has been a theme of praise these two thousand years past. Virgil and Claudian sang of Como, and Roman villas once graced its shores. Roman-designed Como, capital of the province, guards its southern end, and has much of old-time interest to show to the visitor, for it was once a fortress of the Empire, but for a stay, usually the choice is made of one or the other of the charming lakeside resorts, where every provision is made for recreation and amusement, and where the hotels are among Italy's best. Bellagio, with a splendid situation on an "arm" of the lake, near the centre, which gives it glorious views, is most attractive. Its quaint, narrow, cobbled and climbing streets contrast strangely with its palatial hotels. Menaggio, larger, and clustering around the shore of a little bay, has a very pleasant hinterland, with the Sanagra Valley winding its way up to Porlezza, whilst another attraction is its eighteen-hole golf-course. Cernobbio, on the western shore, about five miles from Como, has an extensive claim to fame with its Villa d'Este, one of the most charming combinations of luxury hotel and country club imaginable, for there is not only golf, on a good eighteen-hole course, and tennis, but a well-organised programme of amusement for its fortunate guests. Cadenabbia, which is not far from Menaggio,

half-way along the lake's western shore, is another very pleasant resort, with a good bathing-beach. From here it is but a short walk to the Villa Carlotta, well known for its garden and sculpture, including a masterpiece by Canova, "Cupid and Psyche." From either Cadenabbia or Menaggio, too, one can get by motor-bus up to Lanzo, a height of 3000 feet, and from which there are splendid views. Smaller resorts on this lovely lake shore are Tremezzo and Varenna.

The Lake of Garda, the largest and most magnificent of the Italian lakes, has a wild and rugged grandeur in the northern part, deep-set among the mountains, that is very impressive. The greatly varying scenery is viewed admirably from the splendid motor-road which has been constructed right round the lake. On the western shore, towards the southern end of the lake, there is a beautiful stretch where the vegetation is sub-tropical in its luxuriance, where palms, orange and lemon trees flourish. This is the region known as the Lake Garda Riviera, of which Gardone is

little island, Isola di Garda, fairylike in its charm, fronting the shore, Gardone is a most fascinating spot, and the comfort of its hotels and the thoroughness of its arrangements for sport and amusement (the former includes golf,

tennis, bathing and rowing) make it an ideal holiday centre. Near by is pretty little Fasano, with dainty villas ensconced amid lovely gardens, and a pleasant excursion is to San Vigilio, across the lake, or to Sirmione, at the southern end, a narrow, olive-clothed neck of land which juts out into the lake for some two-and-a-half miles. Garda and Malcesine, on the eastern shore—the latter with a castle that is highly picturesque—are other small resorts on Lake Garda, and Riva, at the northern end, is a cheerful little town with a fine situation and good views.

Apart from its northern end all Lake Maggiore belongs to Italy, including the most beautiful part—where the wide bay of Pallanza cuts the western shore in two. On the



PICTURESQUE LAKE GARDA: A CHARMING VIEW OF MALCESINE, SHOWING THE OLD CASTLE.

the pearl. Set by the lake edge, with a charming promenade, well-wooded and gradually rising ground at the back, and a lovely

southern shore of this bay is Stresa, a resort famed for the excellence of its hotels, as an international meeting-place, and for its beautiful situation, directly opposite the lovely Borromean Isles, and with Mount Mottarone for a background. With a casino, horse-racing, golf, tennis, sailing and bathing, there is much in Stresa to enable one to pass the time very pleasantly, and, adding to these pleasures those of excursions to the lakes of Lugano and Orta, and to the summit of the Simplon Pass, Stresa certainly establishes its claim to be a splendid holiday centre. Pallanza, on the northern shore of the bay, and Baveno, not far from Stresa, are two other charming Maggiore resorts.



MENAGGIO, ONE OF THE LOVELY RESORTS ON LAKE COMO: A VIEW SHOWING THE WOODED HEIGHTS, AND ROCKY PEAKS BEYOND. (Photographs by Enit., London.)

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Of Interest to Women.



Dolman versus Princess.

Although some of the new autumn coats are in gay colours, those who are in a position to speak authoritatively declare that as the season advances the percentage of black will be seventy-five. There is the type of coat trimmed with fur at the hem, slightly bloused at the back, and cut with becoming dolman sleeves. The collar is high, enriched with fur, or the latter may be absent, as women in general like to buy costly furs which may be worn with several different outfits. A second silhouette is the real Princess, unbroken from the shoulders downwards.



Furs—Indian Lamb and Skunk.

Nothing can cast a shadow over dyed ermine, mink and Persian lamb coats, as they are among the precious furs; sable and chinchilla being on a different plane. For several seasons, Indian lamb has been endeavouring to gain popularity. It has succeeded this year, thanks to the art of the tailor and dyer; not only is it available in black, but in lovely grey and brown shades. Skunk, a very hard-wearing fur, is being revived in a far silkier form than it was in days gone by. It is used for capes as well as trimming. Silver, blue and other shades of fox are as fashionable as ever for wraps; surely there is nothing more lovely.

Ocelot and Felt.

Henry Heath are warmly to be congratulated on the clever manner in which they have introduced ocelot fur on the felt hat on the right below. This touch lifts it out of the rut of the commonplace, and it is very pleasant news that it costs only 32s. 6d. It is made in several fittings and all the new fashionable colours. A few words must be said about this firm's fur felt hat for 21s. 9d. It is brought up to date every season, and, although it is made in many lovely colours, it is rainproof, so that the dye will not run. For packing it can be rolled up into a small space.



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Modern women delight in the Braemar products. There is something so very distinctive about them, and the colours are unrivalled, particularly those which are blended. Braemar models are sold practically everywhere, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining them, application should be made to Innes Henderson and Company, Hawick, Scotland, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. The "knitted" coat and skirt at the top of the page on the left is of jacquard botany wool. It is pure cashmere which makes the Braemar twin set and pullover pictured on this page. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this cashmere is of an unusually high order of merit, as it is made from the wool taken from goats grazing on the slopes of the Himalayas. It will be noticed that the pullover, which buttons down the front, has a stitched basque. This is very slimming.



Hats of Felt and Velour.

It is the crowns which count in the hats of to-day. Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, are responsible for the trio portrayed. Brown felt is used for the hat on the left. Strips of felt are arranged over the crown, its charm being enhanced with stitching in golden-brown shades. It costs 59s. 6d., the model in the centre is 45s.



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Many beautiful Nature Studies have been submitted; this entry in the competition appeared in "The Sketch" of August 10

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Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"SHADOWS AROUND THE LAKE" is the English version of Guy de Pourtales' prize-winning novel, "La Pêche Miraculeuse." It is a long story, quiet, yet poetic in tone, and this is the inevitable word—of extreme distinction. Even without help from the jacket one would have recognised it as a blend of fancy with real experience. Paul de Villars, like the author, is a musician; like the author, he belongs to that very special aristocracy, whose home is Geneva—and whom it will not do to call Swiss.

After only a few pages one gets to feel very strongly that it won't do. Geneva—Calvin's Geneva—is itself alone; its older people still talk of "going to Switzerland," as once upon a time the men of Fife talked of "going to Scotland." Its little band of patricians are all related; all, from century to century, have had their quarters in the Ville Haute and their charming, dignified country houses beside the lake. Their walls are hung with ancestral portraits. They are austere proud of their origin, stiff in manner, and implacable to the gayer vices. The "long cold shadow of Calvin" still rests on them, freezing the surface of emotion, "decreting that all love is to be reserved for God."

Paul's uncle is a man of this type—a Genevan die-hard. But Paul has foreign blood; he belongs to the shadow, feels it a part of him, and yet rebels against it. No true-blue Calvinist would have adopted music as a career; business, in some form or other, is the only career acknowledged by the Ville Haute. Yet when the young musician falls in love it is with the shadow. Louise is a creature of refusals. She has "no joy in the body"; she is afraid of life, afraid to let herself go. The sweeter Paul's worship the less she can endure to risk it by giving way to him. The strain and falseness, and yet the beauty of their relation, is described exquisitely; it comes to nothing, of course, and Paul achieves harmony through the love of his cousin, Antoinette, a sensual, generous girl, who has revolted from the shadow with her whole being. There are some good war pages. In 1914 Paul joins the French army as an interpreter; and the country life at Belmont and Tannery has a charm beyond words. The de Villars are cultured, high-bred aristocrats to the very bone—and yet they are rustics; their existence is as natural in flavour as a wild strawberry. They seem to be living not in present-day Geneva, but in old France.

"In Hazard" is at the very opposite pole of fiction. It describes a ship in a hurricane. The outward horrors of the storm are—vivid is too feeble a word; they are the thing itself; but Mr. Hughes' real subject is ordeal. With

terse and almost cruel subtlety he lays bare the effect of ordeal on these officers and men of the "Archimedes." Most of them come through it all right. Captain Edwardes enjoys it; he is "like an artist in a bout of inspiration." The first mate endures it with Roman virtue. Young Dick Watchett enters it a boy and comes out a man. Of all the officers, only Mr. Rabb, the supernumerary, breaks down under it; and yet the whole effect is not cheering. Conrad's "Typhoon" left one with a sense of victory, an increased confidence in the human soul; but Mr. Hughes, even while giving full value to heroism, somehow belittles it. Nature is the ultimate power—and it is an evil, an obscene power. It can reduce the bravest men to a company of "lunatic scarecrows" almost in no time. Then it may choose to let go. But the soul, too, with all its heroisms, is a province of nature—there is something futile, and, round the corner, something unpleasant about it. Even Captain Edwardes' "gigantic exhilaration" makes one feel queer. It did me, at least; but reactions may well differ, and this is a hopeless book to write about; it is too short for compression, and every detail has too much power.

Sir Hugh Walpole is diffuse and good-humoured—more good-humoured than ever, in "The Joyful Delaneys." He will not have it that gaiety, family love, indifference to the morrow are out of date. His Delaneys exist from hand to

author for some obscure reason decides to like, but who makes one's flesh creep.

"The Doomsday Men" is an adventure in Thrillerland. Three strangers run across each other at Barstow, in the Mohave desert, and find that they are all hunting for a MacMichael. Each wants a different MacMichael, and for a different reason, but their goal is the same—a strange, lonely building in the desert, with a white tower. There dwell the three brothers, engaged in who knows what sinister activity, and better left alone, as they are prepared to kidnap or shoot at sight. But at length the heroes win through and discover the secret of the tower. The MacMichaels have decided that life is evil. They think it ought to be destroyed, and one of them, a great scientist, has found the means to destroy it. Of course, it all—supposing you are on the side of life—has a happy ending. The world is saved.

"And To-morrow's Doomsday" rather sets one asking: What for? It is a terse little work, but much graver than Mr. Priestley's; for its subject is the horror of Europe, the millions of starving and oppressed, the imminence of war, the sense that there is no future—scarcely time to "fight for Utopia," and none to enjoy it. The narrator, an American, strikes up a college friendship with a young Serb, who is preparing to free his country. Neil hears the wretched story of Petar's boyhood, returns with him to Europe, and sees him killed, not long afterwards, in a demonstration. That's all. In the last part there is something of melodrama, but the whole story has grip.

Brighton, in Mr. Greene's "Brighton Rock," comes out worse than Serbia. It is a haunt of gangsters and murderers. Its people either have no soul, or they have no heart. The Boy, at seventeen, has no heart; he is purely fiendish, a killer, one of hell's angels. The stout, beery woman who destroys him has a heart—if you like to call it that—but no soul. And they are entirely convincing—horribly convincing.

"Village Tale" is a novel about a novel. Its hero "was the minister's son, and they called him Sis." So he revenged himself by writing a book about them. I can't think, from the extracts, it was a good book; but the "Village Tale" is, though it has a peculiar and deliberate atmosphere of faint nausea.

Constance loves her cousin Richard, who is in the Air Force; he comes home on leave for a week-end, goes back again, and is killed immediately. That is the whole story of "Apollo Flies." Its power is descriptive and psychological; it is rather highbrow, and I don't think it absolutely comes off, but one feels the next may.

After so much gloom "Lisa Vale" strikes one as a very pleasant novel indeed. It is nice and ordinary. The Vales live in Boston, and have no hopeless difficulties nor extreme vices. They quarrel, but don't hate. They lose a good deal of money, but can afford it, and if they get into a mess Lisa is there, with her self-sacrifice and motherly wisdom, to pull them out again. It is all a little too charming to believe, but not to enjoy.

Mr. Precht seasons the "Titanic" disaster with a great deal of conversation. All his passengers embody some idea, and they discuss all the problems of existence interminably; and then the iceberg. The moral is that we are not gods, and we must beware of the sin of pride. The characters have no reality; they are called Astor, Straus, and so on—labelled like the real victims—but they are waxwork, and so one can't feel much for them, although the wreck itself is quite vivid. "Red Candles in Spain" is about a little boy who gets involved in the Spanish war. He is an orphan; his father has left him to the care of a Spanish aunt, and the aunt's husband turns out to be a wicked Communist.

So poor little Timothy is within an ace of being murdered. However, an English aunt comes and rescues him, with the aid of a gallant English doctor, and they all live happily in Tangier.

Mr. Philmore's new corpse would have been headmaster of Radwinter only someone pitched him off a balcony just as the governors had decided to choose him from their "Short List." So one may guess why he was killed; but (turning to Mr. Lorac) why on earth should anyone have pushed that old woman down the "Slippery Staircase"? Surely it *must* have been an accident. But we know it wasn't, and very soon Macdonald is on the trail. These are two capital stories.

K. J.



NAPOLEON COMMEMORATED AT HIS BIRTHPLACE—AJACCIO, CORSICA: THE STATUE, JUST UNVEILED, AT THE TOP OF A STONE SLOPE INSCRIBED WITH HIS VICTORIES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

A monument commemorating the birth of Napoleon was unveiled at Ajaccio the other day by M. Campinchi, the French Minister of Marine, in the presence of distinguished guests who included the Polish Ambassador to France and representatives of the Yugoslav Government and the Corporation of Austerlitz. The monument, which is at the end of the Cours Grandval, is a replica of the statue of Napoleon which is now in the courtyard of the Invalides and once stood on the summit of the column of the Place Vendôme.



NAPOLEON COMMEMORATED IN PARIS: A ROOM IN THE EXHIBITION OF "BONAPARTE IN EGYPT" AT THE ORANGERIE DES TUILERIES—EXHIBITS INCLUDING THE CAMEL ON WHICH HE RODE. (Photographs by Topical.)

mouth, and it doesn't worry them—neither does unemployment, or the state of Europe, or, indeed, anything except the future of their beloved house in Charles Street, which may have to be sold. People can't think what it is about these Delaneys: they are so absurdly cheerful, and not at all particularly bright—and yet such a comfort! And, of course, Sir Hugh does not allow them to come to grief. But though he sets out to be jolly, his most real figure is a nightmare—a sort of bug in human form—a horrible beast of a landlord, who gets a poor old gentleman in the toils and drives him very nearly half-witted. The poor old gentleman is good, too—almost unbearably good. And there is a second admirable monster, whom the

BOOKS REVIEWED.
Shadows Around the Lake. By Guy de Pourtales. (Routledge; 8s. 6d.)
In Hazard. By Richard Hughes. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
The Joyful Delaneys. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.)
The Doomsday Men. By J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
And To-morrow's Doomsday. By Edith Roberts. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)
Brighton Rock. By Graham Greene. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Village Tale. By John de Meyer. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Apollo Flies. By Herbert Kahan. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)
Lisa Vale. By Olive Higgins Prouty. (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)
Titanic. By Robert Precht. (Richards Press; 7s. 6d.)
Red Candles in Spain. By Thora Stowell. (Gifford; 7s. 6d.)
Short List. By R. Philmore. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Slippery Staircase. By E. C. R. Lorac. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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Franzensbad—Hotel Imperial, exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season April 15th to October 15th. Prospectus.

Franzensbad—Hotel Königsvilla—The leading Hotel.

FRANCE

Paris—Hotel Opal—For Business or Pleasure, 10, rue Tronchet. Definitely central. (Madeleine Church.) Up-to-date. Rms. from 6/- Eng. spoken.

Le Touquet—Hotel des Anglais—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet—(P. de C.)—Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. New Lounge and American Bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet—Hotel Regina—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming-pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo—Hotel Terminus Palace—1st class Sea-front. Facing Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £3.10.0. With private bath £5.

GERMANY

Baden-Baden—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Wholly renovated. Facing Kurpark; a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)—Brenner's Park-hotel—Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden—Holland Hotel—150 beds; large park. Close Casino. Pension terms: R.M. 11 upwards. Personal management H. A. Rössler.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof—Distinguished family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

GERMANY—(Continued)

Bad Kissingen—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel—World-renowned house.

Mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim—Hilbert's Park Hotel—First-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opposite. Baths and Springs.

Cologne—Schweizerhof—Victoriast. 11. 100 beds. All mod. conf. Garage, A.A. Hotel, quiet sit. Home from home. Incl. terms from R.M. 7.00.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique position on river. Garden-Park, Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf—Breidenbacher Hof—Leading Hotel World renwd. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. Grill Am. Bar—Orc. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. baths fr. 9.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen—Park Hotel "Alpenhof." Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospectuses through proprietor: Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch—Bavarian Alps—Sonnenbleich—Golf Hotel. Incomparably beautiful situation. 1st-class hotel. Every comfort at Moderate Terms.

Leipzig—Hotel Astoria—The latest and most perfect Hotel bldg. Select home of intern. Society & Arist'cy. Mangd. by M. Hartung, Council of Com.

Mannheim—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich—The new Hotel Excelsior—Near the Hauptbahnhof. First class, modern and quietly placed. Rooms from R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Munich—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot & cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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Wiesbaden—Hotel Nassauer Hof—World renwd. Finest pos. opposite Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden—Palast Hotel—1st-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath, estab. Pension from R.M. 10.

GERMANY—(Continued)

Wiesbaden—Hotel Rose—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing establishment. Patronised by English and American Society. Pension from Marks 12.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons) Select home of Society. Best position opposite Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pens. from R.M. 12.

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Rome—Hotel Victoria—First-class. Central and quiet. Opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

SWITZERLAND

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Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—First class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pension terms from Frs. 15 onwards.

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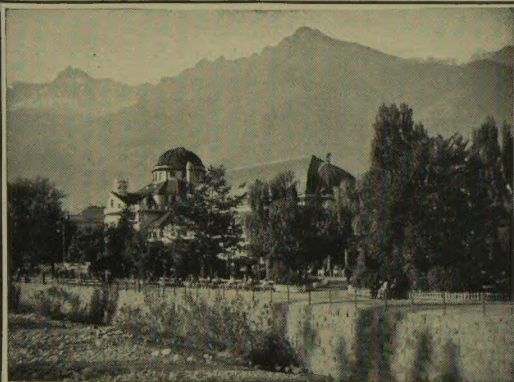
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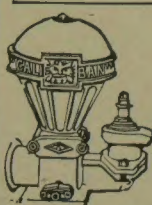
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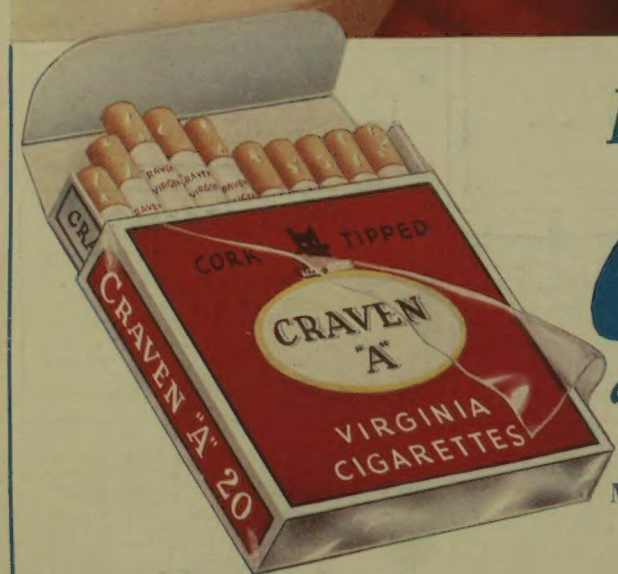
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